HYMNS AND ANTHEMS

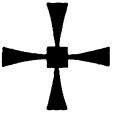
HYMNS AND ANTHEMS

ADJUSTED TO

THE CHURCH SERVICES

THROUGHOUT

The Christian Year.



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MDCCCLI.

WHY DOTH ONE DAY EXCEL ANOTHER, WHEN AS ALL THE LIGHT OF EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR IS OF THE SUN?

BY THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE LORD THEY WERE DISTINGUISHED, AND HE ALTERED SEASONS AND FEASTS.

SOME OF THEM HATH HE MADE HIGH DAYS, AND HALLOWED THEM, AND SOME OF THEM HATH HE MADE ORDINARY DAYS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE human mind seeks and creates for itself two separate vehicles of expression, the distinction between which it is difficult to state but easy to understand. These we call respectively, *Prose* and *Poetry;* the first of which is the chosen and characteristic channel of thought and reason, the second, of feeling and imagination. Poetry and prose stand related to the mind as music and mere sound to the ear. The one is the exhilaration of the intellect; the other, its ordinary food.

It will be perceived that the essence of this distinction lies in the *matter*, and not in the *form;* in the intrinsic difference of the states of mind expressed, and not in the artifices of verbal structure through which those states express themselves. Thus it is very possible to clothe prosaic matter

with metre or rhythm; and again, to express the purest poetry apart from either the one or the other. Still both experiments would be felt as irksome: in the former case there would be unnecessary effort—in the latter, uneasy restraint. There is a natural congruity between the two phases of mind and the two forms of language. Ordinary matter falls as of itself into that unstudied, or, at least, unfettered mould which we call *Prose*; poetic matter as naturally allies itself with a certain cadence or even regular metre, to which we give the name of *Verse*. The two words are well chosen with a view to the difference. Prose is literally *forward*, as a man going on a journey; verse is literally *turning*, as a plough turns in a field when the furrow is completed. Hence the eye of a child, who does not know one letter from another, can easily discriminate the *furrow-like* aspect of printed verse from the compact continuity of printed prose.

That all true poetry, though it does not of necessity ally itself to metre, and still less to rhyme, has yet a tendency to subside into a certain melodious *rhythm*, the Sacred Volume affords the most interesting and familiar proofs. Even through the veil

of a version which takes no cognizance of the as yet undiscovered laws of the Hebrew Parallelism, and gives no notice *to the eye* of any difference in structure between the Pentateuch and the Psalms, the essential character of the poetical portions reveals itself *to the ear* in the most exquisite cadences.

The Heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth His handiwork.

Arise, shine, for thy light is come;
And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

My soul doth magnify the Lord;
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

Prose, it has just been said, is the language of the mind in its subdued and ordinary operations; Poetry is the language of the mind in its moments of exhilaration and excitement. And this seems to be exactly the idea of St. Paul, when he opposes the hilarity of intemperance to a holy and religious joy. "Be not drunk with wine," says he, "wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit;" giving vent to your gladness in the exercises of piety, "speaking to yourselves" or rather "to one another," (an allusion probably to the responsive method.—compare *Isa.* vi. 3) "in psalms and

hymns, and spiritual songs; singing" audibly, "and" at the same time "making melody in your hearts to the Lord." (*Ephes.* v. 18, 19; also *Coloss.* iii., 16.) In like manner, St. James:—"Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms." (*St. James* v. 13.) A counsel in exact accordance with the impulses of the heart. As Prose and Speech are the natural channels of Prayer, so Poetry and Music are the appropriate vehicles of praise. The constitution of every Liturgy, or system of Divine Service, is an index to this essential affinity. Even the body, as we pass from the one act of worship to the other, seems to sympathize instinctively with the changing attitudes of the soul; for we kneel, as we unite in the subdued utterances of prayer, and we stand erect when the spirit is kindling into unison with the music and the poetry of praise.

"Communing with one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs."- "In psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your heart to the Lord." Such is St. Paul's reiterated counsel to the Christians of Ephesus and Colosse; and he teaches thereby what indeed we are taught by the very structure of Holy Scrip-

ture itself, that every form of human feeling and language is susceptible of consecration to the service of God. So taught, long before, the precedent of Moses and Miriam at the Exodus; so taught, both by example and by appointment, the Sweet Singer of Israel. "In all his works he praised the Holy One Most High with words of glory; with his whole heart he sung songs and loved Him that made him. He set singers also before the altar, that by their voices they might make sweet melody, and daily sing praises in their songs. He beautified their feasts, and set in order the solemn times, until the end, that they might praise His Holy Name, and that the temple might sound from morning."—(*Eccles.* xlvii. 8–10.)

With the "Psalms" and Canticles of the Hebrew Scriptures, the Church, from the earliest times, obedient to the apostolic precept, associated "Spiritual Songs" and "Hymns" distinctively evangelical. The well-known passage in Pliny as to the custom of the Christians—"Singing hymns to Christ as to God"—is corroborated by the testimony of a Christian author, preserved in Eusebius—"Psalms, and the songs of the brethren, *written from the beginning by the faithful*, glorified Christ,

the Word of God, by attributing divinity to Him."* The Psalter itself, which formed the great staple and storehouse of praise, was "transfigured into a Christian import by the use of the *Gloria Patri*, whereby the politics and vicissitudes of David's life were baptized, as it were, into the name of the Trinity."† The ancient *Trisagion* in like manner acquired new emphasis and significance in the light of the Christian Doxology. The angelic *Gloria in excelsis*, supplied a morning, the *Hail gladdening Light*, preserved by St. Basil, an evening devotion.‡ The three "Spiritual Songs" of St Luke, the *Magnificat*, the *Benedictus*, and the *Nunc Dimittis*, could not be forgotten in the primitive worship. Not unworthy to be named even with these, or to be piously ascribed to a like afflatus of the Divine Spirit, in a later age, arose the *Te Deum*. Of Gallican origin, its precise authorship is unknown. God has hidden the grave of Moses: "his record is on high."

* Quoted by Mr. Stretton, Preface to *Church Hymns*, London, 1850.

† *Christian Remembrancer*, quoted from memory.

‡ Preface to *Hymni Ecclesiæ e Brev. Paris.* Oxford, 1838.

The non-metrical series of devout effusions, the class of Spiritual Songs, constructed on the Hebrew type, and marked only by cadence or rhythm, may here be considered as terminating. The Hymn, strictly so called, dates from the times of St. Ambrose and St. Gregory, who composed sacred odes on the classical model and in classical metres, though usually, as was fitting, of the simplest kind. Of these, Nos. iii. and cii. in the present volume, may be instanced as specimens in which the translations do full justice to the original. The two great Fathers above named had many followers in succeeding ages, whose hymns survive though their names have perished. The fabulous ascription of the *Veni Creator* to Charlemagne only shows in what obscurity the inquiry is shrouded. "Most touchingly true is it of 'such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing, men famous in their generations, though 'some there are which have left a name behind them,' yet more 'have no memorial.'"*

In this brief sketch of the growth of Christian Hymnology, the *Rhyming Mediæval Hymns* next

* Mr. Copeland, Preface to *Hymns for the Week and Seasons*. London, 1848.

claim a notice, as forming a class by themselves. St. Thomas Aquinas here stands forth as the author of the far-famed *Lauda Sion* (No. cli.) and the spirit of St. Bernard breathes in the *Jesu dulcis memoria* (No. xliii.) But most of this class, as of the preceding, are nameless; nor can it now be known to what saintly genius we owe the thrilling solemnity of the] *Dies Iræ*, or the touching pathos of the *Stabat Mater* (Nos. xviii., lxxii.).*

The revival of letters and of a classical taste gave birth to a new group of Hymns more ornate than those of the Ambrosian type, but still—de-

* The *Dies Iræ*, though adapted in the Roman Missal to the Mass for the Dead, is more strictly an Advent Hymn. "Le *Dies Iræ* semble avoir été composé platôt pour le premier Dimanche de l'Avent. En effet cette *Prose* roule en entier sur le jugement dernier, excepté l'invocation *Pie Jesus* qui y a été trè smanifestement ajoutée, lorsqu'on l'adopta pour les morts."—*Liturgie Catholique*, Art. *Prose*, Paris, 1844. This and similar hymns are called *Proses*, partly from their disregard of the laws of metre—*a lege metri resolutas*—and partly from their being written *right on* (*prorsus*) like prose; verse being separated from verse merely by a colon, and not *turning*, as it ought in strict propriety to do, to occupy its own line. The name *Sequence* denotes their place, *after* the Epistle. The Paschal Prose, *Victimæ Paschali laudes* (No. lxxvi.), is a fragment of a sacred drama.

spite of the stricture ascribed to a Jesuit, *Accessit latinitas, recessit pietas*—imbued with much of the ancient reverential spirit.* These sprung up in the same province of Christendom to which we owe the *Te Deum*. They are the work of Gallican authors, and are embedded in the Parisian

* "L'engouement de la Renaissance pour l'art païen du siècle d'Auguste s'emparait de tous les esprits, et les siècles suivants devaient être témoins, en France, de plusieurs tentatives de ce genre. Le Saint Pape Pié V. avait conservé dans le Bréviaire reformé par ses ordres les anciennes *Hymnes*, mais le Pape Urbain VIII., qui réussait dans ce genre de compositions, goûtait médiocrement le style de ces *Hymnes*, conservées par son dixieme predecesseur. *Toutefois il ne fut pas question de la remplacer*, mais de les rendre plus poetique. Trois jesuites italiens se mirent à l'œuvre par les ordres d'Urbain VIII. Les *Hymnes* furent retouchées, mais il ne fut pas aussi facile de les faire admettre. . . . La France conserva les anciennes. Il se fit en cette circonstance une scission qui, croyons-nous, contribua beaucoup a l'emancipation liturgique dont le dix-septième siècle donna le signal." The writer concludes with a judicious advice, the principle of which extends to the whole field of Hymnology. "*Estimons les notres, et ne deprecions pas l'hymnologie romaine*: nous croyons que c'est tout à la fois la conseil de la convenance et de la prudence." *Lit. Cath.* Art. *Hymne*. The Roman Breviary acquired its present form in three successive revisions; the first and chief, that of Pius V., 1568, the second, that of Clement VIII., 1602, the third, that of Urban VIII., 1631.

Breviary.* The hymns *Supreme Motor cordum*, and *O luce qui mortalibus* (Nos. l. civ.) may be referred to as specimens of this class.

The Latin Hymns can only pass into general use through the medium of translations; and the absence of these, as well as, in many instances, the original impulse of devout feeling craving poetical expression, has led, in England and Germany, to the formation of *Vernacular Hymnologies*. In these, it must be confessed, the dross bears an enormous proportion to the ore. In many of our English Hymns more especially, the ear of taste is offended by diction alternately jejune and inflated, by false fervours, by spurious sentiment, and by an irreverent familiarity of tone, which all contrast most painfully with the earnest simplicity and deep devoutness of the ancient and mediæval Hymns. These blemishes are predicable not only of the effusions of authors, from whom little was to be expected, but also of some of the

* The Parisian Breviary was published by Charles de Ventimille, then Archbishop of that See, in 1736. Its principal hymnographers were Jean Baptiste de Santeul, Canon Regular of St. Victor, Paris, born 1630, and Charles Coffin, Rector of the University of Paris, born 1676.

attempts of writers who have really enriched our sacred poetry. What, for instance can be worse than the following?—

> 'O more than merciful! Whose bounty gave
> Thy guiltless Self *to glut the greedy grave!*

Or this:—

> 'Sit thou on my right-hand, my Son,' saith the Lord,
> 'Sit thou on my right-hand, my Son!
> 'Till in the fatal hour
> Of my wrath and my power
> Thy foes shall be a footstool to Thy throne.'

And yet this most offensive apostrophe, this nursery-rhyme jingle, are the respective commencements of an eminent and esteemed author's Hymns for Good Friday and Ascension Day!

There is no modern Collection so free from the class of faults to which these strictures apply as the *Scotch Paraphrases*. And yet many even of these are vitiated for their purpose by a blemish of another kind. They are elegant metrical sermonettes, rhymed theology, versified narrative, but not Hymns.* A Hymn cannot afford to be

* To illustrate this distinction, compare the favourite *While humble shepherds*, with the *Jam desinant suspiria*, or the *Adeste fideles*. (Nos. xxiii xxiv.)

distinctively didactic; if not emotional, or at least contemplative, it is a Hymn only in name. The true Hymn, though calm, is fervid; it expatiates in a loftier region than that of mere correctness; it is the free triumphant utterance of a soul that rejoices while it adores.

> Sit laus plena, sit sonora,
> Sit jucunda, sit decora,
> Mentis jubilatio.

The attempting too much is perhaps the secret of the comparative failure of even our best modern Hymn-writers. They have been too prolific by far. They have forgotten that in *their* peculiar function the impulse and the idea must be born not made; and that success in a first instance, where the true impulse was felt, was no pledge of success in a second, where the impulse was wanting. The growth of a genuine Hymnology is that of the oak, not of the mushroom. To write even one Hymn truly worthy of the name, is no light or every-day attainment. St. Thomas Aquinas, in a church at Bologna, is painted as inditing the *Lauda Sion* from the dictation of Angels.* So true is

* *Mores Catholici*, book v. chap. 3.

that which has been eloquently and forcibly observed, that Psalms and Hymns, "as being praises and thanksgivings, are the language, the ordinary converse, as it may be called, of Saints and Angels in heaven; and being such, could not be written except by men who had heard the 'unspeakable things' which there are uttered. In this light they are more difficult than prayers. Beggars can express their wants to a prince; they cannot converse like his courtiers."*

Nevertheless, with all deductions, there is much in the modern Vernacular Hymnologies of the highest order of poetical and devotional excellence. And if the English compiler who neglects the Latin Hymns is foregoing what must ever be the true basis of such an undertaking, the compiler who, on the other hand, from a just aversion to the majority of Modern Hymns, in his own or in a foreign language, rejects the precious few which redeem the class, incurs a loss only second to that of his predecessor. The omission of such sweetly plaintive lyrics as, *O Saviour whom this holy morn*, or, *When our heads are bowed with*

* Preface to *Hymni Ecclesiæ e Brev. Paris.*

woe (Nos. xxiv. cxvi.), or of such lofty and spirit-stirring strains as the German Hymns for Advent and All Saints (Nos. xvii. cl.) in the beautiful translations we possess, would leave a blank in any Hymn-book which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to fill.

From what has now been said, it will at once be seen on what principle the present editor has selected his materials. He has endeavoured to be eclectic in the best sense. *Apis matinae more modoque*, he has tried to cull sweets from every flower. Desiring to be fastidious only as to excellence, he has aimed at being tolerant to all its varying forms. It has been his object to gather into a single *Hymnarium* of moderate compass, if not all that is good (for that would be impossible) yet all that is best and practically available in the various departments of our extant Hymnology. He can safely say he has spared no pains in the search: even partial success would amply reward it. As to the correctness of the *principle* of selection, he has no misgivings. Heterogeneous as some of the various sources may appear, the contrariety attaches not so much to the materials as to the names. If, indeed, the compiler had sacrificed

unity to comprehension, the variety of effect produced would have been anything but harmonious; it would have been but the offensive patchwork of the "new cloth on the old garment." But this he has sedulously avoided. In compositions deemed *generally* eligible, all expressions which seemed exceptionable either in doctrine or tone have been carefully eliminated and replaced by others. Such seems to be the medium indicated by the Divine Teacher: "Every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasures things new and old."

In comparing the "old" Hymnology with the better specimens of the "new," it is refreshing to observe how, in the serene heights of sacred aspiration, devout minds mutually converge, which are often unhappily parted far asunder in the lower region of polemical strife. Still, in very many hymns of all classes, copious emendation is indispensable. Sometimes, indeed, this has been resorted to in the present work merely from a necessity of adapting, or condensing; but much more frequently from a necessity of correcting what was manifestly faulty in diction or

sentiment. In a few cases, the composition has been entirely recast, e.g. No. cxiii. Occasionally, also, what may be considered a good hymn has been procured by concentrating the excellences and rejecting the *exuviæ* of two or three imperfect ones. (Nos. lxxxvi, lxxxvii.)

As regards the Latin Hymns, it has been justly remarked, that the Anglican Church itself "points out to us these fountains, and leads us as it were by the hand to them; inasmuch as in the same books of devotion we find most parts of our own Prayer Book. Moreover, that which may be accounted the only metrical Psalm or Hymn fully authorized by the Church of England, viz. the *Veni Creator*, inserted in the Ordination Services, is one of these hymns. And, perhaps, the reason why more of them were not introduced into the Prayer Book, was rather the difficulty of finding persons competent to translate them at the time, than any other cause. Archbishop Cranmer did himself attempt it, at least the *Salve festa dies*, as he mentions in a letter to the King, expressing a desire that, as his English verses wanted the grace and faculty which he could wish they had, his

Majesty would cause some other to do them in more pleasant English and phrase." *

The difficulty to which Mr. Williams here adverts, he himself has done much to remove; and he has been worthily followed in the same work by Messrs. Palmer, Copeland, and many others. These translators have rendered a compilation possible, the like to which ten years ago could not have been produced. Their several versions have been carefully collated for the present work; what appeared a peculiar felicity in other renderings has, in some cases, been engrafted, with manifest advantage, on the version chosen; and when previous versions appeared unsuitable (very often from an impracticable metre) entirely new versions have been prepared. Of these there are twenty-five in the course of the volume.

With the Latin Hymns few liberties have been taken in the translating. In some of them, however, it was obviously necessary, with a view to the present design, to alter the turn of expression. In a few cases, also, it has been thought advisable

* Mr. Williams's Preface to *Hymns translated from the Parisian Breviary.* Oxford, 1839.

to abridge (Nos. lxxii, cli.) and in others to combine (Nos. lxix, lxxxiv). On the other hand, in one or two instances, a slightly paraphrastic version has been given (Nos. xxx, xli); but in no case has there been a wilful departure from the temper and tone of the original.

The following table will give an idea of the proportions in which the various sources now indicated have contributed to the entire compilation:—

Latin Hymns.		
Ambrosian	27	
Mediæval	6	
Gallican	24	
Miscellaneous	10	
		67
Modern Vernacular Hymns.		
Anglican Authors	38	
Scotch Paraphrases	7	
American	3	
Miscellaneous	10	
German	9	
		67
Entirely recast		18
Metrical Versions from the Psalter		30
Anthems		18
		200

It will be perceived from the above analysis, that not only *Anthems*, (respecting which, as being all so many excerpts from Holy Scripture, nothing requires to be said), but also *Metrical Versions from the Psalter*, find a place in the present selection. This last feature is to be regarded as a concession to that taste which, however erroneous in its origin, is now too deeply seated to be altogether ignored. All that can be done is to refine and regulate it. Accordingly the compiler has made it his aim to assemble the best specimens of version or imitation which our language supplies—specimens, it is hoped, adequately representative at once of the variety of subject-matter in the Psalter, and of the variety of styles in transfusing it; embracing, as they do, at once the moral and devotional, the historic and the prophetic Psalms, and ranging from the quaint literality of the old Scotch rendering to the polished paraphrase of Addison.

In addition to a greater *comprehensiveness of materials* than has hitherto been attempted, the editor also ventures to claim for this book a stricter *unity of plan*. In his view, the perfection of such a compilation is *essentially relative*; it com-

sists in a precisely *annular* adjustment to the Liturgy. In proportion as the book deviates from this relation of dependence, either by a defective or an excessive provision, in so far it recedes from the ideal of what such a work should be. Excessive provision, in particular, by which is meant a provision for days and solemnities not marked in the public system to which the compilation professes to be adjusted, must be viewed as an excrescence, not a legitimate development. Yet this blemish, with the opposite blemish of occasional vacuity, appears in nearly all of our best and most recent collections. The present editor is far from insensible to the abstract propriety and beauty, under given circumstances, of some of the commemorations referred to; but it is not for a Hymn Book to go beyond its primary. Accordingly, in its system of times and seasons, this compilation will be found, as its title-page implies, strictly *ancillary to the Prayer Book.*

Two centuries of Hymns, &c., compose the work. These are distributed into four parts of fifty each. With the three first parts, the cycle of the Christian Year, divided by its three great epochs, is complete. The fourth is supplementary.

The number of Sundays and Holydays rubricated in the Calendar, and provided in the Prayer Book with an Epistle and Gospel, is ninety. For each of these there is, in this compilation, *at least one* specifically appropriate hymn. Besides this, a *plurality* of hymns, intended to give variety and scope for selection, is assigned to all the higher festivals. The first day of a season is furnished with a like copiousness. Each hymn, moreover, has an allusive motto, a glance at which will reveal its affinity to the Service. And it is intended that the hymns should elicit, in their own way, the spirit of the season, as might, in another way, a cycle of homilies taking their mottos for texts. Thus to girdle with sacred and beautiful associations the round of sacred time; to light up, even for the unthinking and the unlearned, the majestic *Cosmos* of the Christian Year, is the appropriate function both of Hymn and Homily.

Besides the *Proper of the Season* and the *Proper of Saints*, for which it provides Epistles and Gospels, the Prayer Book, however, has a twofold *Proper of the Day*, and a threefold *Proper of the Week*. Dropping, as less suited for popular

use, the ancient system of the Canonical Hours and the separate commemoration of each Day of the Creation, it still marks the great division of Morning and Evening, and recognises, at least implicitly, those three days of the week on which the mysteries of Genesis coincide with those of the Gospel; and which, catching their impress from the Holy Week, and the Great Festival in which it culminates, are especially charged with a religious memorial of Christ dying, and buried, and raised.* To both of the Propers thus discriminated, hymns with indicative mottos have accordingly been assigned. (Nos. i-xii)

The Proper of the Day is natural: that of the Season (like that of the Week) is sacred. Without disturbance of this ruling propriety, there may be traced in this book an under-current of allusion to the coincident epochs of the natural year. (e. g. Nos. xix. xxxvii. xlv. civ. cxiv. cxv. cxx. cxxiv.)

* Enthronèd in thy sovereign sphere,
Thou shedd'st thy light on all the year:
Sundays by thee more glorious break,
An Easter Day in every week.

Christian Year: Easter Day.

The public use of a Compilation of Hymns such as the present would of course require to be regulated and modified locally by the number of services and the number of singings at each. There are, however, three obvious suggestions: that Hymns of a more general cast should *give way*, when there is not a place for both, to those more directly suitable; that Hymns and Anthems set down under the first day of a season or class are, like the Arch-Collects for Advent and Lent, adapted more or less for *collateral use throughout*; and that the specific Hymns for Sunday and Holydays should be introduced in *as close contiguity as possible* to that part of the service on which they are to form a preparatory or a protracted devotion. This is usually the Epistle or Gospel; but a few hymns are also selected on the principle of marking the course of the Proper Lessons. (Nos. xl. xlviii. cii. cix. cxiv. cxxi.) For these, at the proper intervals, as for the *non-specific* or *less specific* hymns, &c., in general, the natural place would seem to be after the Third Collect. At the same time, those who scruple at the introduction of hymns specifically suited to the Epistle or Gospel at what seems the most

appropriate place *for such*, namely, between the Nicene Creed and the Sermon, should remember that in the very term *Sequence* we have an index and a guarantee of its liturgical propriety. Metrical Psalms may perhaps be best used as Introits.

It has been the editor's wish and endeavour that even the subordinate features of this selection should be helpful to the memory and pleasing to the eye. The motto system, the symmetry of numbers, and the general coincidence of a hymn with a page, are adaptations of this kind. Three Indices are prefixed, the first and third of which furnish an easy key to the distribution and sources of the various hymns, while the second illustrates in detail the *rationale* of selection and sequence. To each hymn of the three more usual metres (c.m., l.m., s.m.) the name of an appropriate tune is appended; and this on the principle that it is always injurious to have more than one tune for the same words. The converse of this, however, does not hold. The tune may fitly monopolize the hymn, but not the hymn the tune. Indeed, the fewer and more select the tunes are, the better.

To draw these explanations to a close—the aim of the compiler has in brief been this: to assemble the best materials for a *Hymnarium* under the best plan; to interpret aright, through a cycle of sacred songs, the system of sacred seasons; to develope the religious and poetical interest which the procession of the festivals sheds over the year. A lower *aim* would have implied a defective apprehension of what was wanted: an approximate success alone was possible. It is only after many imperfect efforts of many unequal pioneers, that the great *desideratum* can be at last supplied. Still much is gained if we have been able to fix the true range of choice and the true principle of assortment. Of whatever improvements the materials may be susceptible, the plan and platform would, in that case, remain.

Altogether independently of the primary adaptation of such a work as the present, its collateral uses are varied and important. And the compiler will not have laboured in vain should this book at all conduce to the development of those germs of unity with which our higher devotional literature is rife, and which "men of good will" will not be slow to appreciate; should it help the aspir-

ations of the solitary worshipper, or minist
the sweet pieties of the Christian home; sho
soothe in any case the dreary vigils of sick
sway the tempted spirit to thoughts of goo
the spell of remembered song; people the va
moments of every-day life with thoughts
belong to the after-world; or occupy the ope
heart and intelligence of youth with a grou
devout associations and images for which no
sequent culture should generate a distaste a
consistent with the awfulness or the beaut
Religion.

All Saints' Day, 1850.

HYMNS AND ANTHEMS.

PART THE FIRST.

ADVENT TO LENT.

INCLUDING

The Proper of the Day,

AND

The Proper of the Week.

NUMBERS I.—L.

In all his works he praised the Holy One Most High with words of glory: with his whole heart he sung songs, and loved Him that made him.

He set singers also before the Altar, that by their voices they might make sweet melody, and daily sing praises in their songs.

He beautified their Feasts, and set in order the Solemn Times, until the end, that they might praise His Holy Name, and that the Temple might sound from morning.

HYMNS AND ANTHEMS.

Proper of the Day.

MORNING.

I.

His compassions fail not: they are new every morning.

1. Glory to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
   And hast refreshed us whilst we slept:
   Grant, Lord, when we from death shall wake,
   We may of endless life partake.

2. Our misspent time may we redeem,
   And each new day our last esteem;
   Our talent use with holy care,
   And for the Judgment-day prepare.

3. Direct, control, suggest, this day,
   All we design, or do, or say;
   Guard the first springs of thought and will,
   And with Thyself our spirits fill.

4. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
   Praise Him, all creatures here below;
   Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host,
   Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Morning Hymn.

II.

Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour until the evening.

1. Now the day-star bright is born:
   Thee we seek each dawning morn:
   Thou, the Uncreated Light,
   Guide this day our steps aright.

2. Keep from sin the hand and tongue,
   Keep the soul from thought of wrong:
   On our lips let truth be found,
   In our hearts let love abound.

3. All day long, Lord, shield us well;
   Be the spirit's Sentinel;
   Guard the gates of sense and sin,
   Lest the foe should entrance win.

4. While our daily tasks we ply,
   Stand Thou still propitious by:
   All our works, begun in Thee,
   By Thy favour furthered be.

5. Lest the haughty flesh control
   And enslave the yielding soul,
   Sober draughts and homely fare
   Quell the flesh, and break the snare!

6. God the Father! God the Son!
   God the Spirit! Three in One!
   Laud to Thee and praise be given,
   Now and aye, in earth and Heaven!

Peculiar.

III.

I am the Light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness.

1. From the Father's glory shining,
   Out of light unfolding light,
   Light of Light, all light enshrining,
   Day, in whom the day is bright!

2. Sun of suns! upon us lighten
   With Thy pure perpetual gleam;
   Fill our hearts, our senses brighten,
   With Thy Spirit's hallowing beam.

3. Yea the Father too implore we,
   Father of almighty grace,
   Father of immortal glory,
   To dispel all sinful trace;—

4. In each strong resolve to aid us,
   Back to turn the Tempter's might;
   Through each rugged chance to speed us,
   Thought and act to guide aright.

5. Morn rides forth, the light revealing;—
   O'er us be Thy brightness poured,
   Son, in Father's fulness dwelling,
   Father in Co-equal Word.

6. To the Father praise unending,
   To the Son and Spirit blest,
   Still from every heart ascending,
   Be for evermore addrest.

Peculiar.

IV.

The day is Thine, and the night is Thine: Thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

1. O Thou true Life of all that live!
   Who dost unmoved all motion sway;
   Who dost the morn and evening give,
   And through its changes guide the day,—

2. Thy light upon our spirits pour,
   And so shall they no sunset see,
   But death to us an open door
   To an eternal morning be.

3. Father of mercies! hear our cry;
   Hear us, O Sole-begotten Son,
   Who, with the Holy Ghost Most High,
   Reignest while endless ages run.

Old Hundredth.

EVENING.

V.

Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to praise Thee.

1. Glory to Thee, O God, this night,
   For all the blessings of the light;
   Keep us, O keep us, King of kings,
   Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

2. Forgive us, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that we this day have done;
That with the world, ourselves, and Thee,
We, ere we sleep, at peace may be.

3. Abide with us from morn till eve,
For without Thee we cannot live;
Abide with us when night is nigh,
For without Thee we dare not die.

4. Sun of the soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from thy servants' eyes.

5. Oh, may our souls in Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep our eyelids close;
Thy holy Angels watch us still,
And stop all avenues of ill!

6. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Evening Hymn.

VI.

Behold He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

1. Father! at the close of day,
We to Thee our thanks would pay;
And, while night our rest prepares,
Prostrate pray our nightly prayers.

2. What of ill the day hath done
Let our penitence atone:
What of danger night may hide
Let thy mercy turn aside.

3. Shield us from the Evil Power,
Seeking whom he may devour;
'Neath thy shadow may we dwell,
Thou that guardest Israel!

4. When shall dawn that heavenly light
Ne'er to yield to after night!
When shall we that kingdom see
Where no foe can ever be!

5. God the Father! God the Son!
God the Spirit! Three in One!
Laud to Thee and praise be given,
Now and aye, in earth and Heaven!

Peculiar.

VII.

So He giveth His beloved sleep.

1. Creator of the starry pole!
God of all worlds that o'er us roll!
Who deck'st the day in gladsome light,
In kindly slumber wrapp'st the night,—

2. Our praises, now the day is done,
Our prayers and vows, now night draws on,
To Thee, lost sinners' help and stay,
In this our tuneful hymn we pay.

3. Thee may the heart's deep music ring,
Thee the full voice in concert sing,
To Thee chaste love's affection soar,
Thee the unclouded soul adore.

4. Our souls in constant vigil keep,
Let sin alone within us sleep;
No terror from unearthly foes
Permit to break such blest repose.

5. O Father, Son, and Spirit Most High!
Thou undivided Trinity!
In Thy One Name's all-hallowing might,
Thy suppliants bless and keep this night.

Angels' Song.

VIII.

At evening-time it shall be light.

1. The sun from his meridian height
Now stoops, and day inclines to night:
So life slants downward from the pole,
And hastens to its final goal.

2. Christ on the Cross at even-tide
His arms to all doth open wide:
Those sheltering arms, in life's last throes,
O dying Christ, around us close.

3. To God the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Laud, honour, power, and majesty,
Now and henceforth for ever be.

Rockingham.

SUNDAY.

MORNING.

IX.

God said, Let there be light, and there was light.
Very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun....and the Angel said....He is not here, for He is risen.

1. Again the dawn gives warning meet
   The holy dues to pay;
   And with a fresh thanksgiving greet
   The fresh return of day:
   But from the face of Christ there fled
   A darker night away;
   His glorious Rising from the dead
   Eclipsed the morning ray.

2. When, bursting from the bands of night,
   The world in beauty stood,
   God saw it in its robe of light,
   And said that it was good:
   But when the Sinless stoop'd to die
   Upon the Holy Wood,
   Fairer it met the Father's eye,
   Cleansed in the Saviour's Blood.

3. The glories which each night conceals
   Each rising sun restores;
   The soul the Mighty Maker feels,
   And in His work explores:
   But Christ, of hearts the unsetting Light,
   A better radiance pours;
   In Him the Father's Image bright
   The gazing soul adores.

4. O ever-blessed Three in One,
Give light and guidance true;
What Thou forbidd'st give strength to shun,
And what thou bidd'st, to do.

St. Matthew's.

EVENING.

X.

Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.

1. Father of the glorious light,
Thou that knittest day to night!
Now on us the shadows fall;
Hear Thy children's contrite call.

2. Giver of this mortal breath!
Save us from untimely death:
Ere Thou summon, grant us space
To obtain Thy heavenly grace.

3. Ere we stand Thy throne before,
Let us knock at mercy's door;
Prize of life eternal win,
Flee the danger, purge the sin.

4. Grant us, Christ, with Thee to die;
Grant with Thee to rise on high:
Things below may we contemn,
Things above, aspire to them.

5. Be the Father's Name adored!
Glory to our Risen Lord!
Equal thanks and praise we bear
To the Holy Comforter!

Peculiar.

FRIDAY.

XI.

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

He said, It is finished; and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost.

1. O God, Thy thoughts are very deep!
   This day Thy power breathed life in clay:
   This day, our forfeit life to keep,
   Thy Son, made flesh, breathed life away.

2. O mystery of heavenly love!
   O earthly souls so dull and dim!
   Shall not His sinless sufferings move
   The saved to share His Cross with Him?

3. So, Lord, that by Thy Holy Cross
   We 'scape the everlasting fire,
   Chasten us here with pain and loss,
   And purge us from each bad desire.

4. The flesh is weak, but lend Thine aid,
   With patient power our spirits fill;
   And let Thy flock like Thee be made
   Submissive to the Father's will.

5. Healed by Thy Wounds, and by Thy Blood
   Made clean from every sinful stain,
   Ne'er be Thy grace by us withstood,
   Or Thou be crucified again.

6. To Him who gave the Son to die,
   To Him a willing Victim led,
   Be laud, and to the Spirit on high,
   By whom His flesh He offered.

Beethoven.

SATURDAY.

XII.

On the seventh day God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.

For He that is entered into His rest, He also hath ceased from His own works as God did from His.

1. O Thou, Who when Thou hadst begun
   To form the earth and sky,
   Until Thy six-days' work was done,
   Laid'st not Thy labour by;—

2. O Thou, Whose love such sorrow bore
   The sons of men to save;
   And never knew one pause before
   It rested in the grave:

3. Lord of unsleeping love! to Thee
   Our daily praise we pour;
   And still, whate'er our tasks may be,
   In these Thy help implore.

4. Our arms shall know no idle rest,
   Our hearts no labour flee;
   Yet when the hand hath done its best,
   The blessing is of Thee.

5. O God, Thou hast us still in view,
   When out of human sight;
   Then teach us what we find to do,
   To do with all our might.

6. And take us to our Sabbath rest,
   When earthly toil is o'er;
   Thee, Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
   To praise for evermore.

t. Stephen's.

FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

XIII.

Now it is high time to awake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Let us cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.

Vittoria.

XIV.

Awake thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee light.

Nanino.

XV.

Now it is high time to awake out of sleep.

1. Hark, an awful Voice is thrilling,
   And each dim and winding way
   Of the ancient temple filling:
   Dreams depart, for it is day!

2. Christ is coming; from thy bed,
   Earth-bound soul, awake and spring,
   With the Sun new-risen to shed
   Health on human suffering.

3. Lo, the Lamb with pardon free,
   Hope of nations, comes from Heaven!
   Sad and tearful hasten we
   One and all to be forgiven.

4. So when He in judgment-splendour
Shall enwrap the world in fear,
As our Saviour and Defender
He, our Judge, shall then appear.

5. Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the Father and the Son,
With the Everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

uliar.

XVI.

Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna to the Living Lord,
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word,
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let Heaven, Hosanna sing—
Hosanna in the highest!
Hosanna, Lord, Thine Angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord, Thy Saints reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound—
Hosanna in the highest!
O Saviour! in our cleansèd breast,
Bid Thine All-Holy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure and worthy Thee.
Hosanna in the highest!
So in that last and dreadful Day
When earth and Heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again—
Hosanna in the highest!

uliar.

XVII.

The night is far spent; the day is at hand.

1. Wake! the welcome day appeareth;
How with joy our hearts it cheereth!
Wake! the Lord's great year behold;
That which holy men of old,
Those who throng the sacred pages,
Waited for through countless ages:
Alleluia!

2. Now the wished-for morning breaketh;
Hark! the Church exultant waketh
Shouts of joy and jubilee,
Thus His Advent-dawn to see:
King and Bridegroom she enthrones Him,
God and Lord and Saviour owns Him:
Alleluia!

3. Patriarchs old, and priests aspiring,
Kings and prophets long desiring,
Saw not this before they died:
Lo! the sight to them denied—
See its beams to earth directed—
Welcome, O Thou long expected!
Alleluia!

4. He, the Saviour sent from Heaven,
Once through faith to Abram given,
Israel's Son and glorious King,
Hope to which the heathen cling,
Now on earth with men abiding,
Comes to Sion meekly riding:
Alleluia!

5. Moses' law no longer rules us,
Christ's free Spirit gently schools us:
Ended now our captive thrall,
God we Abba Father call;
God's own Son, sent down from Heaven,
Fear from all our breasts hath driven:
Alleluia!

XVIII.

Men's hearts failing them for fear.

1. Day of wrath and tribulation!
   Day of final conflagration!
   Holy Writ the attestation!

2. O the boding heart's foredooming,
   When the Judge Supreme is coming,
   All our sins severely summing!

3. Hark! the Trump like thunder swelling
   Through Death's lone sepulchral dwelling,
   All before the Throne compelling!

4. Death and Nature mutely wonder,
   While the Dead from darkness sunder,
   Strictest reckoning to render.

5. Whence shall succour then be cravèd?
   Sinful we, defiled, depravèd:
   E'en the just are scarcely savèd.

6. King of majesty tremendous,
   Then Thy mercy sweet extend us;
   Fount of pity, *then* defend us!

7. Bear in mind, O Saviour holy,
   Thou for us wast poor and lowly;
   Lose not us who trust Thee solely.

8. Faint and weary, Thou hast sought us,
   On the Cross of suffering bought us;
   Lose not that Thy love hath wrought us.

9. Judge of righteous retribution,
Grant us sinners absolution,
Ere the final attribution.

10. Thou didst pardon Mary sighing,
Heard'st the thief beside Thee dying;
Hope for us on Thee relying!

11. Spare Thy suppliants lowly bending,
Heal the hearts with sorrow rending,
Shield us, Lord, when life hath ending.

12. Ah, that Day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him:
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!

13. Lord, Who didst our souls redeem,
Grant a blessèd requiem.

Peculiar.

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

XIX.

Behold I send My Messenger before Thy face, which shall prepare Thy way before Thee.

1. Lo! the Prophet sent before
Lifts his voice by Jordan's shore:
Earth, and sea, and circling sky
Feel the Mighty Maker nigh.

2. He is coming! let us wake;
For the Lord a pathway make;
Cleanse our hearts, that He, when come,
There may find a fitting home.

3. Jesu, Saviour, Strength, and Rest,
Refuge of the weary breast!
On our wintry darkness rise;
Earth shall then be Paradise.

4. Thou Who com'st Thy flock to free,
Father, Spirit, One in Three!
Laud to Thee and praise be given,
Now and aye, in earth and Heaven.

Peculiar.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

XX.

I am the Voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord.

1. Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart exult with joy,
And every voice be song.

2. He comes, the captives to unbind
Subdued to Satan's sway;
He comes, upon the helpless blind
To pour celestial day.

3. He comes, the broken heart to heal,
The sin-sick soul to cure;
He comes, with store of blessing fraught,
T' enrich the humble poor.

4. Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thine Advent shall proclaim;
And never shall Thy people cease
To hymn Thy Holy Name.

Colchester.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

XXI.

Unto us a Child is born; unto us a Son is given. Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men! Alleluia!

Morales.

XXII.

There were Shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the Angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the Heavenly Host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men!

Handel.

XXIII.

Let all the Angels of God worship Him.

1. Now suspend the wistful sigh!
   God hath heard our plaint on high:
   Peace to mortal man is sent
   From the opening firmament.

2. Hark, the glorious Sons of light
   Break with song the calm of night!
   Angels from the courts of morn
   Tell the earth that God is born!

3. While the sleepless shepherd-throng
To the manger haste along,
Let our hearts with them repair
To the cradled Saviour there.

4. Lowly is that sacred shed!
Lowly lies that Awful Head!
Poor the Mother undefiled!
Wrapped in swaddling-bands the Child!

5. And art Thou the Eternal Son,
With the Eternal Father One?
Sleeps there in Thine Infant Hand
Strength to bear the sea and land?

6. Yes: and Faith can pierce the cloud
Now Thy glory's awful shroud;
Through the fleshly veil can see,
And with Angels worship Thee.

7. In Thy silence, Lord, is speech;
From Thy manger Thou dost teach
Things to flee that flesh allure,
Things that flesh abhors, endure.

8. Jesu! tend the good within;
Jesu! quell the rising sin:
Come, and in each heart this morn,
Son of God, again be born!

Peculiar.

XXIV.

Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass.

1. O come all ye faithful,
Rejoicing, triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem!
See Him an Infant,
Monarch of Angels!
O come then and adore we,
O come then and adore we,
O come then and adore we Christ the Lord!

2. Godhead of Godhead!
Brightness of Brightness!
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb!
Son of the Father,
Son uncreated!
O come then and adore we.

3. Lift your Hosannas,
Chorus of Angels!
Let Heaven be filled with the loud acclaim!
To God in the highest
Be glory, be glory!
O come then and adore we.

4. Jesu, Redeemer!
Bright is Thy Natal Day:
All glory to Thee this glad Day be given!
Word of the Father,
Incarnate to save us!
O come then and adore we.

Portuguese Hymn.

XXV.

He came unto His own, and His own received Him not.

1. O Saviour, whom this Holy Morn
   Gave to our world below;
   To mortal want and labour born,
   And more than mortal woe!

2. Incarnate Word! by every grief,
   By each temptation tried;
   Who lived to yield our woes relief,
   And to redeem us, died!

3. If, gaily clothed and proudly fed,
   In dangerous wealth we dwell,
   Remind us of Thy manger bed,
   And lowly cottage cell.

4. If pressed by poverty severe,
   In anxious want we pine,
   O may Thy Spirit whisper near
   How poor a lot was Thine!

5. Throughout this changeful earthly scene
   From sin preserve us free;
   Like as Thou hast a mourner been,
   May we rejoice with Thee!

St. Ambrose.

XXVI.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men!

1. Hark! the Herald Angels sing,
   "Tidings glad of joy we bring:
   Praise to God in highest Heaven!
   Peace on earth to man is given."

2. Joyful nations catch the song,
Joyful they the praise prolong;
With the Angel-Host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

3. Christ, by highest Heaven adored!
Christ, the Everlasting Word!
Clothed in flesh, behold him come,
Scorning not the Virgin's womb!

4. Meek He lays His glory by;
Meek He veils His Deity!
Glad we lift the loud acclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Peculiar.

XXVII.

The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.

1. Jesu, whom nations all adore!
In Whom the Father's face we see,
Hear Thou the prayers Thy people pour,
This day, throughout the world, to Thee.

2. Remember Thou, who all hast made,
How, for thy sinful creatures' sake,
Thyself, in Virgin's bosom laid,
Thy creatures' feeble flesh didst take.

3. Such the glad news this festal night
From year to year doth duly tell,
How from Thy Father's glory bright
Thou cam'st on lower earth to dwell.

4. Jesu! the Virgin Mother's Son,
To Thee all praise and glory be,
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
Now and through all eternity.

Angels' Song.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

XXVIII.

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the Prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee!

1. Prince of Martyrs! thou who bearest
In thy name the crown thou wearest,*
Fairer far than fading wreath,
Weave we now that crown of death.

2. On thy forehead every scar
Sparkles lustrous as a star,
Till thy glowing countenance
Lightens to an Angel's glance!

3. Free thou gav'st the life He gave thee,
Bled'st for Him who bled to save thee,
First in death thy Lord to own,
Sharer of His thorny crown!

5. First to tread th' appointed road
Through the deep Red Sea of blood,
Prince of Martyrs! thee behind
What a countless army wind!

6. Jesu! Virgin Mother's Son!
Father, Spirit, Three in One;
Laud to Thee and praise be given,
Now and aye, in earth and Heaven.

Peculiar.

* STEPHEN signifies a chaplet or crown.

XXIX.

Stephen, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into Heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war,
   A kingly crown to gain;
   His blood-red banner streams afar:
   Who follows in His train?

2. "Who best can drink his cup of woe,
   Triumphant over pain;
   Who patient bears his cross below,
   He follows in His train."

3. The Martyr first, whose eagle eye
   Could pierce beyond the grave:
   He saw his Master in the sky,
   And called on Him to save:

4. "Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
   In midst of mortal pain,
   He prayed for them that did the wrong:
   Who follows in his train?"

5. A noble army, men and boys,
   The matron and the maid,
   Around their Saviour's throne rejoice,
   In robes of light arrayed.

6. They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven
   Through peril, toil, and pain:
   O God, to us may grace be given
   To follow in their train.

St. Matthew's.

XXX.

The disciple whom Jesus loved.

1. Of all the Twelve beloved the best!
   Thou who didst lean on Jesu's breast;
   Loved of thy Lord, to thee it fell
   His Cross to watch, His praise to tell.

2. On Jesu's breast reclining calm,
   Thy soul was wrapt in Heaven's own balm;
   And nearer on thy cleansèd sense
   Stole that Divinest Influence.

3. Thou, too, Companion tried and true!
   That Death of deaths didst sorrowing view;
   In spirit with thy Lord wert torn
   By racking Cross and piercing thorn!

4. His Mother thine, when voice was fled
   His lingering look on thee He shed;
   Thee, His beloved Disciple, taught
   His dying eye's mysterious thought.

5. No marvel love celestial now
   Sat bright upon that Angel brow!
   That frequent from thy lips there fell,
   "In love, my little children, dwell."

6. Be faith the meed of martyred Stephen,
   Be hope to weeping Rachel given!
   To-day, O Christ, in sweetest tone,
   Love speaks through Thy beloved St. John.

7. Twin Stars that track Thee, Babe Divine!
Thy Martyr's death was likest Thine;
But him Thou lov'dst Thou mad'st to be,
In life of love the likest Thee.

8. Jesu! we see Thy glory bright
In either saintly satellite;
To us the love of John be given,
To us the faith of dying Stephen!

9. Hail, Virgin-Born! of Saints the King,
To Thee high praise and laud we bring:
With Father, Spirit, ever One,
Blessed art Thou while ages run.

Angels' Song.

XXXI.

The Life was manifested, and we have seen It, and bear witness.

1. Three Holy Gospels tell in turn
How Christ on earth abode;
But John, on eagle-wing upborne,
Reveals the Word with God.

2. Pure Saint! upon his Saviour's breast
Invited to recline:
'Twas thence he drew, in moments blest,
His knowledge all divine.

3. There too with that angelic love
He did his bosom fill,
Which, thence replenished from above,
Breathes in his pages still.

4. O dear to Christ! To thee upon
His Cross, of all bereft,
Thou Virgin Soul! the Virgin Son
His Virgin Mother left.

5. An exile thou to Patmos driven,
Thy Saviour's Form was by;
And lo, the mysteries of Heaven
Flashed on thine agèd eye.

6. To Jesu, Born of Virgin bright,
Praise, with the Father, be;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
Through all etèrnity.

Martyrdom.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

XXXII.

Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.

1. As the wolf invades the fold,
Herod, in his sin grown bold,
Thinks, by carnage manifold,
To secure his prey.

2. See the cradle's crimson stain!
Yet the tyrant's rage is vain;
ONE he seeks 'mong many slain,
ONE he may not slay!

3. Bethlehem's mothers, dry the tear!
Weep no more your nurslings dear;
Far from pain, and far from fear,
With the Lamb are they!

4. By the heavenly streams and meads,
Lo! the little flock He leads,
Them in greenest pasture feeds,
Wipes their tears away!

5. Virgin-Born! to Thee we bow;
Father! Spirit! praised be Thou;
So it has been, so is now,
So shall be for aye.

Peculiar.

XXXIII.

These were redeemed from among men, being the first fruits unto God and to the Lamb.

1. Hail, flow'rets of Christ's martyr crown,
Whom the fierce foe around hath strewn;
E'en on the threshold of the morn,
Fresh rose-buds by the whirlwind shorn!

2. Sweet lambs of Christ! unasked ye gave
Your lives for Him who came to save;
Ye smiled beneath the murderer's frown,
Ye sported with your martyr's crown.

3. O'er Bethlehem's coasts a wail is spread,
And hearts are wrung, and joys are fled;
But ONE survives the carnage wild,
The Virgin-Born, the Royal Child!

4. Thee, Virgin-Born, for aye we praise,
And high Thy Natal glory raise;
Thee, Father! Spirit! we adore,
Blest Three in One, for evermore.

Rockingham.

SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

XXXIV.

God sent forth His Son, made of a Woman.

1. From far sunrise at early morn,
   To earth's remotest ring,
   Of Mary Virgin-Mother born,
   We carol Christ the King.

2. He comes, the Mighty Maker He,
   In servant's form arrayed;
   By flesh our sin-bound flesh to free,
   And save the souls He made.

3. On bosom pure, His earthly shrine,
   The heavenly grace is showered;
   The lowly Maiden bears within
   Whom she unknown adored.

4. Despising not the hay-strewn shed,
   In manger, lo, He lies;
   With Virgin-Mother's milk is fed,
   Who stills Creation's cries!

5. The Heavenly Hosts His Birthday keep,
   The Angels round Him sing;
   The Shepherds view with wonder deep
   Earth's Shepherd, Lord, and King.

6. Jesu, the Virgin-Mother's Son,
   To Thee all glory be,
   With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
   Through all eternity.

Bedford.

XXXV.

Emmanuel . . . God with us.

1 Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth!
Ye who sang Creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's Birth!
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the New-born King!

2. Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant light!
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the New-born King!

3. Saints before the Altar bending,
Waiting long in hope and fear!
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the New-born King!

4. Sages leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam from far:
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His Natal Star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the New-born King!

5. Virgin-Born! from glory bending,
Hear Thy suppliant people's plea;
Succour to our weakness lending,
Through Thy pure Nativity!
Thee we worship,
Three in One, and One in Three!

Peculiar.

THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

XXXVI.

And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the Child, His Name was called JESUS.

1. Eight days amid this world of woe
   The Holy Babe hath been:
   Long named in Heaven, He now must go
   To take that Name on Him below,
   JESUS, Who saves from sin.

2. His Mother kept the Angel's word
   Deep in her bosom's store;
   But others there, by love unstirred,
   Unconscious of its meaning, heard
   The Name the Infant bore.

3. The traitor sought Him by that Name,
   When all the murderous crew
   With swords and staves against Him came;
   And on the Cross, the tree of shame,
   That Name was fixed in view.

4. Yet in His hour of glory now,
   That precious Name is given,
   Above all names to deck His brow;
   And at the Name of JESUS bow
   The powers and thrones of Heaven.

5. Worthy art Thou o'er us to reign,
O Christ, for evermore;
Thou Who for us didst not disdain
That sinners should that Name profane
Which Seraphim adore.

Peculiar.

XXXVII.

A God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee.

1. O God of Ages! by Whose Hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2. Through each perplexing path of life
Their children's footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

3. Pardon, Good Lord, the sinful past,
From future ill set free;
And let the year we now begin
Begin and end with Thee.

4. O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease;
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5. Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Thy children frail implore;
For His dear sake who died to save,
And lives for evermore.

French.

XXXVIII.

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem; for the Lord hath comforted His people; He hath redeemed Jerusalem; He hath made bare His holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God!—Amen.

Vittoria.

XXXIX.

When they saw the Star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

1. Than mightiest cities mightier far,
   Thou Bethlehem, with thy crowning Star;
   Whose chosen lap received from Heaven
   The Incarnate Lord for sinners given.

2. Star, whose bright splendours far outrun
   The radiant axle of the Sun!
   Heaven's herald, sent on earth to tell
   That God, made Flesh, on earth doth dwell.

3. Soon as the kings their King behold,
   Their Eastern gifts they straight unfold;
   And, prostrate all, His Throne before,
   With incense, gold, and myrrh adore.

4. Pure incense for their God they bring,
   With royal gold salute their King;
   With spicy dust of fragrant myrrh
   They shadow forth His sepulchre.

5. Jesu! be Thou for ever blest,
   Who, to the Gentiles manifest,
   With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
   Art God, while endless ages run.

Angels' Song.

XL.

I will also give Thee for a Light to the Gentiles.

1. They that sat in darkness pining
   Now behold a gladsome light:
   And the Day-Star bright is shining
   On the shadowy land of night.
   Hear what God the Lord hath spoken,
   His afflicted flock to cheer:
   "Desolate, and spirit-broken,
   Fair abodes for you I rear:

2. "Fear, and thorny tribulation
   Shall no more perplex your ways;
   Ye shall name your walls, Salvation,
   And your gates shall all be Praise!
   Ye no more your suns descending,
   Waning moons no more shall see;
   But, your griefs for ever ending,
   Find eternal noon in Me!"

3. Better Sun, to Thy appearing
   Long-benighted nations come;
   Joyous as the reapers bearing
   Harvest treasures safely home.
   Thou, Who art our Light and Glory,
   Jesu, lift we praise to Thee!
   Three in One, Thy Saints adore Thee,
   Now, and through eternity.

Peculiar

XLI.

1. We have seen His Star in the East.
2. Jesus being Baptized . . . . the Heaven was opened.
3. This beginning of Miracles did Jesus . . . and manifested forth His glory.

1. The wondering Sages trace from far,
Bright in the west, Messiah's Star:
A light illumes the western skies,
Seen never in the East to rise.

2. Obedient to the guiding sign,
They seek and find the Babe Divine;
By light their way to Light explore,
And, offering gifts, their God adore.

3. Long time hath passed: our sins to lave,
Behold the Lamb in Jordan's wave!
While opening Heaven its witness lends,
The Father speaks, the Dove descends.

4. Another marvel: Wondrous Guest!
The water knows His high behest;
And, at the Mighty Maker's call,
Grows wine to glad the festival.

5. Still, Virgin-born! lend Faith Thy Star!
Still show Thou Hope, Thy Heaven from far!
And still, when Love thy Power shall plead,
Reveal that Power, and help her need!

6. Hail, Jesu! hail, for ever blest,
Thus in Thy glory manifest;
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
Thy Name be praised while ages run.

Creation.

XLII.

Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

1. By cool Siloam's shady rill
   How sweet the lily grows!
   How sweet the breath 'neath Carmel's hill
   Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2. Lo! such the child whose early feet
   The path of peace have trod;
   Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
   Is upward drawn to God.

3. By cool Siloam's shady rill,
   The lily must decay;
   The rose that blooms 'neath Carmel's hill
   Must shortly fade away.

4. And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
   Of man's maturer age
   Will smite the soul with sorrow's power,
   And stormy passions rage.

5. O Thou Whose infant feet were found
   Within Thy Father's shrine!
   Whose years, with changeless radiance crowned,
   Were all alike divine—

6. Thou Giver of this mortal breath,
   Now risen to Thy throne,
   In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
   O keep us still Thine own!

Bedford.

XLIII.

He manifested forth His glory.

1. JESU! how sweet the memories are
   Around that holiest Name that cling!
   But, oh! than honey sweeter far,
   The joys that from Thy presence spring.

2. JESU, of penitents the stay,
   Thou loving Lord of human kind!
   How good if we but seek the way,
   But what, oh what, if Thee we find!

3. No tongue that blessedness can tell,
   Nor pen of readiest writer show:
   What 'tis in JESU's love to dwell,
   None other than His loved ones know.

4. When JESU on our souls doth rise,
   Oh! then the very Truth doth shine:
   The world's false glare and glory dies
   Before that brightness pure of Thine.

5. Thee, JESU, let each tongue confess,
   Each heart with fervent love adore!
   Thy pattern, soul and life express;
   So be it now, and evermore.

6. Jesu, the Angels' Light and Song!
Thou in the ear soft music art,
And purest honey on the tongue,
And heavenly sweetness in the heart.

7. Thou Bread of Life, without alloy,
Jesu! Thy love the soul doth fill,
And filling, while it cannot cloy,
Adds to our longing hunger still.

8. O Jesu! Son of God most dear,
On Thee the weary soul relies;
To Thee is poured the pious tear,
To Thee the heart's deep yearnings rise.

9. Still Jesu, still with us abide,
Forth from our souls all darkness chase;
Sin's shadowy brood abashed shall hide
Before the brightness of Thy Face.

10. Jesu! of Virgin Stem the Flower,
Thou Saving Name all names above,
Our Life and Joy! to Thee be power,
To Thee the ceaseless praise of love.

Angels' Song.

XLIV.

He loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue.

1. Lord Jesu! happy they whose cause
   Thy poor before Thy presence plead!
   "This is the lover of Thy laws,
   The friend of Thine in fear and need:"
   For to the poor Thy mercy lends
   That style, "Thy nation" and "Thy friends."

2. So was the good Centurion blest,
   Who sent Thine own Thine aid to crave:
   Thou heard'st well pleased the meek request,
   Thy mighty arm mad'st bare to save:
   For thou wouldst have the world to see
   What's done to Thine is done to Thee.

3. What though in poor and lowly guise
   Thou here didst sojourn, Virgin-born,
   Yet from Thy glory in the skies
   Our earthly gold Thou dost not scorn:
   For Love delights to bring her best,
   And where Love is, the least is blest.

4. Love on the Saviour's dying head
   Her spikenard drops unblamed may pour,
   May mount his Cross, and wrap Him Dead
   In spices from the golden shore;
   Spread for Him Risen her frugal board,
   And, tending His, so tend the Lord.

5. Be she in poor or costly trim,
   Still Love will by her Lord be known;
   The widow's mite was marked by Him
   Who praised the good Centurion:
   For this then, Christ! we lift our plea,
   The gift to use Thy gifts for Thee.

Peculiar.

XLV.

He arose and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm.

1. The Twelve stood breathless in their dread,
   And baffled in their skill;
   But ONE was there Who rose and said
   To wind and waves, "Be still!"

2. He spake: the tempest, at His word,
   Fled from the stormy sky;
   The troubled billows knew their Lord,
   And fell beneath His eye.

3. So, Jesu! midst the tempest dark,
   Be present still to save;
   Bring succour to the labouring bark,
   Rebuke the rising wave.

4. Still, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
   When Death rides o'er the sea,
   And strength and earthly daring fail,
   May prayer awaken Thee!

5. And, oh! when anger, envy, pride,
   Our bosoms frail would fill,
   Lord! quell Thou passion's raging tide,
   And bid the storm be still.

6. To Thee, in glory manifest,
   Thou Lord of winds and sea!
   With Father and with Spirit blest,
   High laud for ever be.

St. Ambrose.

XLVI.

While men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.

1. Jesu! the world's Redeeming Lord!
The Father's True Co-equal Word!
Only-Begotten! Light of Light!
Thine Israel's Keeper, day and night!

2. Meek suppliants, Lord, Thy help we crave,
Thy servants from the Tempter save;
Nor let the tares of sin be sown
In souls which Thou hast sealed Thine own.

3. So while in darksome house of clay
Through life's brief night Thy pilgrims stay,
Our flesh in Thee shall sweetly sleep,
Our souls with Thee their vigils keep.

4. So when the Presence now withdrawn
Shall on Thy flock in glory dawn,
They shall their full Redemption see
In that Divine Epiphany.

5. Hail, Jesu! Thou for ever blest,
In love and glory manifest;
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
Thy Name be praised while ages run.

Oldham.

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

XLIX.

In perils of waters....in perils in the city; in perils in the wilderness; in perils in the sea; in perils among false brethren.

1. God moves in a mysterious way
   His wonders to perform;
   He plants His footsteps in the sea,
   And rides upon the storm.

2. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
   But ever trust His grace:
   Behind a chastening Providence
   He hides a Father's face.

3. Affliction is a stormy deep,
   Where wave resounds to wave,
   Yet, though on high the billows sweep,
   The Lord is strong to save!

4. O Thou Who driest the mourner's tear,
   How dark this world would be,
   If, when distress'd and wounded here,
   We could not turn to Thee!

5. But sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
   With more than rapture's ray;
   As darkness shows us worlds of light
   We never saw by day.

St. Paul's.

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

L.

Now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity—these three; but the greatest of these is Charity.

1. Great Mover of the heart, from Thee
   Flows the high gift of sanctity:
   The love that doth Thy holy will,
   Thou only canst that love instil.

2. Faith, Hope, and Love together meet
   On earth, in combination sweet;
   But Love alone shall reign above,
   For Love is Heaven, and God is Love.

3. O Love! O Truth! O endless Light!
   Can it then be that this dim sight
   Shall Thy unclouded beauty see,
   And evermore repose in Thee!

4. Our precious seed we sow in tears,
   And watch its growth with anxious fears;
   A bounteous harvest soon will bless
   The labours of the wilderness.

5. Thrice-Holy God, Who reign'st above,
   Increase in us Faith, Hope, and Love:
   And may the grace by Thee bestowed
   Prepare us for Thy pure abode.

Rockingham.

And all her streets shall say Alleluia, and they shall praise Him, saying, Blessed be God Which hath extolled it for ever.

HYMNS AND ANTHEMS.

PART THE SECOND.

LENT TO TRINITY.

NUMBERS L.—C.

Come let us return unto the Lord; for He hath torn, and He will heal us; He hath smitten, and He will bind us up.

After two days will He revive us; in the Third Day He will raise us up; and we shall live in His sight.

His going forth is prepared as the morning; and He shall come unto us as the rain; as the latter and former rain unto the earth.

HYMNS AND ANTHEMS.

ASH-WEDNESDAY.

LI.

Hide not Thou Thy face from me, O Lord, and cast not off Thy servant in Thy displeasure; for Thou hast been my succour, O God. Oh, leave me not, neither forsake me. Teach me Thy way, O Lord my God, and lead me in the right path, because of all mine enemies.

Farrant.

LII.

Like as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, yea even for the Living God: when shall I come to appear before God, before the presence of God? My tears have been my meat day and night, while they daily say to me, Where is now thy God?

Palestrina.

LIII.

Turn ye unto Me, saith the Lord, with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning.

1. Alleluia! best and sweetest
   Of the hymns of praise above!
   Alleluia! thou repeatest,
   Angel Choir! these notes of love.
   Seraphs chant it
   As their golden harps they move.

2. Alleluia! Church victorious!
   Join the concert of the sky:
   Alleluia! bright and glorious,
   Lift, ye Saints, this strain on high!
   We in exile
   Weep, the streams of Babel by.

3. Alleluia! strains of gladness
   Suit not souls with anguish torn:
   Alleluia! notes of sadness
   Best beseem our state forlorn:
   Our offences
   We with bitter tears must mourn.

4. But our earnest supplication,
   Holy God! we raise to Thee:
   Visit us with Thy salvation,
   Make us all Thy love to see.
   Alleluia!
   Ours at length this strain shall be.

Peculiar.

LIV.

Blow the trumpet in Zion, sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly—Let the Priests, the Ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the Altar, and let them say, Spare Thy people, O Lord, and give not Thy heritage to reproach.

1. The solemn Fast of Lent
   Repeats its ancient round:
With Priest's and People's loud lament
   The Temple-walls resound.

2. But vain the plaint shall swell,
   And vain the tear shall start,
If sign of woe untruly tell
   The feeling of the heart.

3. We smite the breast in vain,
   In vain in ashes mourn,
Unless with penitential pain,
   The smitten soul be torn.

4. To Heaven, our prayer shall climb—
   Just Judge! Kind Father! spare:
Thou giv'st this solemn Lenten time;
   The Lenten heart prepare.

5. Though fallen, we're still Thine own;
   O let Thine anger cease:
Forgive, O Lord! the ill we've done;
   The good we ask, increase.

6. Thou knowest all our needs;
   Grant, Blessed One in Three!
That, through Thy grace, in holy deeds
   The Fast may fruitful be.

St. Bride's.

LV.

And when He had fasted forty days and forty nights, He was afterwards an hungered.

1. Father of Mercies! pitying hear
   Thy suppliant children, lowly bent:
   Accept the prayer and contrite tear
   Poured forth to Thee this sacred Lent.

2. For Forty Days, on Sinai's side,
   Strict fast of old did Moses keep:
   For Forty Days Elias hied
   Unfed to Horeb's distant steep.

3. But brighter grew the sacred lore
   When Christ, the mystic time to bless,
   His Fasting and Temptation bore
   Far in the lonely wilderness.

4. With Him we fast, with Him we pray:
   Oh, Searcher of the hearts of men!
   Turn not Thy pardoning grace away
   From hearts that turn to Thee again.

5. Much have we sinned; but oh, forgive
   The sin we seek not to conceal:
   Bid Thou the drooping spirit live,
   And all its sore distemper heal.

6. Feeble are we, and prone to fall;
   But, Jesu! when temptations come,
   Look Thou on us—one look can call
   The wanderer, weeping, back to home.

7. With Thee we fast, with Thee we pray:
Give grace the rebel flesh to quell,
That so the untempted spirit may
Keep Lent within its secret cell.

8. O Father, Son, and Spirit adored!
Thou undivided Trinity!
Thy gifts of grace on us be poured,
That so the Fast may fruitful be.

Oldham.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

LVI.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord, Thou Son of David!

1. Saviour! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;—
Oh, by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany.

2. By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and tears;
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness;

By the dread permitted hour
Of the subtle Tempter's power,—
Jesu! turn a pitying eye,
Hear our solemn Litany.

3. By the sympathy that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the troubled sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold,—
Listen, Saviour, to the cry
Of our solemn Litany.

4. By Thine agony of prayer
Poured upon the midnight air;
By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn
Cross and Passion, pangs and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice,—
Jesu! listen from the sky
To our solemn Litany.

5. By Thy deep expiring groan,
By Thy sufferings unknown;
By Thy resting in the grave,
By Thy rising strong to save,—
Risen, re-ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in Heaven restored,
King and Saviour! hear the cry
Of our solemn Litany.

Peculiar.

LVII.

Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and hrist shall give thee light!

1. Night and clouds in darkness sailing,
   Clouds of earth confused and drear!
   Light is entering, Heaven unveiling,
   Christ is coming—disappear!

2. Thee, True Sun, alone adore we;
   Thee, with meek and single heart,
   Thee with plaintive chant implore we,
   O'er our souls Thy flame to dart.

3. Many a spot our bosoms staining
   Must Thy brightness cleanse away:
   Oh! of Angels Light unwaning,
   Look on us, and make it day!

4. Lord! our sinful spirits languish;
   Conscience plies her secret sting:
   Thou alone canst soothe our anguish,
   And to Thee alone we cling.

5. Lift the load, dispel the sadness,
   And the inward darkness chase;
   Thou, our rest, our light, our gladness,
   Show the brightness of Thy face!

6. To the Father praise unending,
   To the Son and Spirit blest,
   Still, from every heart ascending,
   Be for evermore addrest.

eculiar.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

LVIII.

Now we, brethren, as Isaac was, are the children of promise.

1. Lord, when Thine avenging dart
Seeks and smites the stubborn heart,
Who but Thou can soothe the smart,
Who can heal the wound?

2. Vain the world—its treacherous skill
Only feeds the secret ill:
Spent are all its succours, still
No relief is found.

3. Though Thy chastening hand we fear,
Yet it spares us hope to cheer:
In the stroke we meekly bear
Thou hast healing bound.

4. Headlong passion, Father, stay:
Shield us in the unearthly fray;
Let Thine arm, in danger's day,
Circle us around.

5. Prayer prevails! Hope's gentle light
Dawneth on the spirit's sight:
Christ! Thy Death dispels the night
Shrouding Death's profound.

6. God be praised with praise unending!
Sweetest help in sorrow sending,
Chastisement with mercy blending,
Healing every wound!

Peculiar.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT,

OR

PASSION SUNDAY.

LIX.

Christ being come an High Priest of good things to come.. by His own Blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.

1. See the Royal Banner streaming!
   See the Cross mysterious beaming!
   Cross whereon the Life was slain,
   And from death brought life again.

2. Welling from that wounded side
   Lo! the healing cleansing tide—
   Blood and water! shed to save,
   Shed our sin-stained souls to lave.

3. Throne of Mercy! glorious wood,
   Purpled o'er with Jesu's Blood!
   Cross whereon, while day waxed dim,
   Quivered every sacred limb!

4. Holy Cross, on which reclined
   Hung the Ransom of mankind!
   Balance-beam the price to show
   That redeemed from endless woe!

5. Cross whereon the Christ hath died!
   Cross of hope! at Passion-tide,
   To the faithful grace increase,
   O'er the sinful shed thou peace.

6. Fount of grace, All-Holy Three!
   Every heart bring praise to Thee!
   Victory through the Cross Thou'st given:
   Give the crown and palm in Heaven.

Peculiar.

SUNDAY BEFORE EASTER,

OR

PALM SUNDAY.

LX.

"On the next day, much people that were come to the Feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took branches of palm-trees, and went forth to meet Him, and cried, Hosanna! Blessed is the King of Israel, that cometh in the name of the Lord!

King and Redeemer! to Thee be the glory!
Children to Thee their Hosannas have poured:
Offspring of David! like them we adore Thee
Who comest a King in the Name of the Lord.

Voices angelic are lifting the song:
Earth and Creation Thy praises prolong.

King and Redeemer

Israel greeted Thine advent with palms:
We bring the heart and the music of psalms.

King and Redeemer.

Israel hailed Thee about to be slain:
We now adore Thee arisen to reign.

King and Redeemer

Israel's tribute Thou didst not despise:
Ours too, kind Saviour, accepted shall rise.

King and Redeemer.

Peculiar—Antiphonal.

LXI.

Obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross.

1. Draw, my soul, a plaintive measure
   Forth from sorrow's inmost cell!
   Tell aloud thy Saviour's anguish,
   Of the bitter Passion tell
   Which the Sinless One endureth,
   Mortal curse of sin to quell.

2. Slain by sinners' ruthless fury,
   In His death our life is bound:
   Thus our smitten souls He healeth,
   Raiseth us from fall profound;
   Every throbbing sore He sootheth,
   Bindeth every bleeding wound.

3. Hands and feet! with nails they bind them:
   So He bursts our bonds in twain,—
   These His Wounds the fourfold fountain
   Washing us from sinful stain;
   And each nail His flesh transfixing
   Binds us to His Cross of pain.

4. Now from life His Spirit parteth,
   Now the spear His side hath riven,
   Whence the sacred heart's-blood starteth,
   Whence the water forth is given—
   Water cleansing that imparteth,
   Blood that buys the crowns of Heaven!

5. To the Everlasting Father,
   To the Everlasting Son,
   To the Holy Ghost proceeding
   Forth from each—Blest Three in One!
   Honour, laud, and benediction.
   Now and evermore be done.

Peculiar.

MONDAY BEFORE EASTER.

LXII.

God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by Whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.

1. When I survey the wondrous Cross
   On which the Prince of Glory died,
   My richest gain I count but loss,
   And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. See from His head, His hands, His feet,
   Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
   Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
   Or gold outshine that thorny crown!

3. What meet return can I afford
   For woe so deep, for love so free!
   My life, O ever-loving Lord!
   I give to Him who died for me.

Reckingham.

TUESDAY BEFORE EASTER.

LXIII.

As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up.

1. As when the Hebrew Prophet raised
   The brazen serpent high,
   The wounded looked, and straight were cured,
   The people ceased to die;—

2. So from the Saviour on the Cross
   A healing virtue flows;
   Who lifts to Him the eye of faith
   Is saved from endless woes.

3. Not to condemn the sons of men
The Son of God appears:
For them He weeps and bleeds—for them
The Cross of shame he bears.

4. Oh, depth of love! for us he drinks
The cup of agony;
For us, a victim on the Cross,
He yields himself to die.

5. He bows His head, and forth at last
His loving Spirit soars;
Yet even after death His heart
For us its tribute pours.

6. Thee, Jesu! lifted on the Tree,
Let every heart adore;
With Thee, O Father, and with Thee,
O Spirit, evermore.

Martyrdom.

WEDNESDAY BEFORE EASTER.

LXIV.

One of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith there came blood and water.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Ransom me, and make me pure!

2. Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal for ever glow,
This for sin could not atone;
THOU must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-strings break in death,
When I pass to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Peculiar.

THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER.

LXV.

The Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread.

1. Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory!
Of His flesh the mystery sing!
Of the blood, all pure and precious,
Shed by Christ, the Gentiles' King!
Destined for the world's redemption,
From a noble womb to spring.

2. Given to us; of spotless Virgin
Born for us on earth below!
He, as Man with man conversing,
Stayed, the seeds of truth to sow;
Then He closed in solemn order
Wondrously His life of woe!

3. At the last sad Supper seated,
Seated with His chosen band,
He, the paschal food partaking,
First fulfils the law's command;
Then the Bread of Life He giveth
To the Twelve with His own hand.

4. By His blessing, lo! He maketh
Bread His mystic flesh to be;
And whoso that cup partaketh
Tastes the fruit of Calvary:
What the carnal mind forsaketh
Faith unaided well can see.

5. To the Everlasting Father,
To the Everlasting Son
To the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from Each,—Blest Three in One!
Honour, laud, and benediction,
Now and evermore be done.

Peculiar

GOOD FRIDAY.

LXVI.

Thy rebuke hath broken His heart: He is full of heaviness. He looked for some to have pity on Him, but there was no man; neither found He any to comfort Him. Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow.

Handel.

LXVII.

O Lamb of God, That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us! O Lamb of God, That takest away the sins of the world, grant us Thy peace.

Palestrina.

LXVIII.

By the which will we are sanctified; through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all.

1. Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory!
   Tell His triumph far and wide!
   Tell aloud the famous story
   Of His Body crucified!
   How upon the Cross a Victim,
   Vanquishing in death He died.

2. Death came in through tree forbidden,
Through a Tree Death's self did die;
For the Son, the world's Creator,
Left His Father's throne on high;
From a Virgin's womb appearing,
Clothed in our mortality:

3. And when He to perfect manhood
Did in mortal flesh attain,
Then of His free choice He goeth
To a death of bitter pain;
And a Lamb upon the altar
Of the Cross, for us is slain!

4. Lo! He thirsts, and gall is given;
And the thorn, the nails, the spear,
Have His tender Body riven,—
Blood and water thence appear;
Earth, and sea, and starry Heaven
Cleansing in that fountain clear.

5. Faithful Cross! by God found worthy
Such a Victim to sustain!
Hail, thou Harbour from the tempest!
Ark that saved the world again!
Tree with sacred blood anointed
Of the Lamb for sinners slain!

6. To the Everlasting Father,
To the Son who came to die,
To the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from Each eternally;
Be salvation, honour, blessing,
Laud and benediction high.

Peculiar.

LXIX.

And Abraham took the wood of the burnt-offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son.

And they took Jesus, and led Him away. And He, bearing His Cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha, where they crucified Him.

1. And now, O Christ, reproached, reviled,
   Thy load of shame on Thee they lay;
   And meekly, like the Patriarch's child,
   Thou wendest on Thy weary way.

2. Slow toiling to the fatal height,
   With nails they bind Thee to the tree;
   Uplifted there, O wondrous sight!
   That all the world may gaze on Thee.

3. Whilst there Thou pour'st Thy precious blood,
   Whilst there Thou draw'st Thy latest sigh,
   We lift unto the saving wood
   The earnest reverential eye.

4. The deadly ill by Satan done,
   The serpent wound we inly feel,
   The aspect of the Holy One,
   Suspended on the Cross, shall heal.

5. Hope of the world! Thy pierced hands,
   Stretched bleeding from Thy mercy-throne,
   Draw to the Cross the adoring lands—
   Such virtue from Thy Wounds hath gone.

6. We, too, draw near, by Thee we hide,
   Lowly we clasp the awful Tree;
   Thy pierced hands, Thy riven side,
   Shall be our fount of purity.

Beethoven.

LXX.

1. Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.

2. Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.

3. Woman, behold thy son.... Behold thy mother.

4. My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?

5. I thirst.

6. It is finished.

7. Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit.

1. Seven times our Blessed Saviour spoke,
When on the Cross our sins He took,
And died lest men should perish:
Let us His last and dying words
In our remembrance cherish.

2. "Forgive them, gracious Father, oh!
Forgive, they know not what they do:"
So far His love extended:
Forgive us, Lord, where we too have
Through ignorance offended.

3. Now to the contrite thief He cries,
Thou, verily, in paradise,
Shalt meet Me ere to-morrow:"
Lord, take us to Thy rest at last,
Who linger here in sorrow.

4. To weeping Mary, standing by,
"Behold thy son!" now hear Him cry,
To John, "Behold thy mother!"
Protect, Lord, those we leave behind,
Let each befriend the other.

5. Then rose that cry, "My God, oh why
Forsake Me in My agony?"
Lord, Thou wast here forsaken,
That we might be received on high:
Let this our hope awaken.

6. Now from His frame exhausted burst
Those few faint words, "I thirst, I thirst!"
O Lord! for our salvation,
Thy thirst was great: then help us still
To overcome temptation.

7. Now bowing low His languid head,
He murmured, "It is finished:"
To Thee our way commending,
May we, whate'er Thy will impose
Bring to a holy ending.

8. One piercing cry, and all is done!
"Father, to Thy true hands alone
I now commend My Spirit:"
Be this, when sinks our dying heart,
The wish that last shall stir it!

9. O Jesu Christ! our Lord and Guide!
Who hast for our salvation died,
On these thine accents dwelling,
May we for aye Thy death survey,
Thy grief all grief excelling.

Peculiar.

LXXI.

He is despised and rejected of men; a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief....All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all.

1. Lo, Messiah unrespected,
   Man of Griefs, despised, rejected,
   Wounds His form disfiguring:
   Marred His visage more than any,
   For He bears the sins of many,
   All our sorrows round Him cling.

2. Love amazing! so to mind us,
   Shepherd come from Heaven to find us,
   Scattered sheep, and far astray!
   With His stripes our wounds were healèd,
   By His pains our peace was sealèd,
   In His death our ransom lay.

3. Not the crowd whose cries assailed Him,
   Not the hands that rudely nailed Him,
   Slew Him on the cursèd tree!
   Ours the sin from Heaven that called Him,
   Ours the sin whose burden galled Him
   In the green Gethsemane!

4. For our sins, of glory emptied,
   He was fasting, lone, and tempted,
   He was slain on Calvary:
   Yet He for His murderers pleaded:
   Lord, by us that prayer is needed—
   We have pierced, yet trust in Thee.

5. Jesu! in Thy dying glorious,
   Jesu! on Thy cross victorious,
   Lamb of God, for sinners slain!
   By Thy Blood, for mercy crying,
   By Thy Passion, Cross, and dying,
   May we life eternal gain.

Peculiar.

LXXII.

Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus, His Mother.

1. By the Cross in anguish weeping,
   Mary Mother watch was keeping,
   Steadfast by her dying Son:
   Doleful, sorrow-stricken, groaning,
   Christ in agony bemoaning,
   Through her soul the sword hath gone!

2. Who can look, from tears refraining,
   On that Mother's sad complaining;
   Who unmoved such woe survey?
   For our sins she saw Him languish,
   Saw her Son in mortal anguish,
   Saw Him breathe His Soul away.

3. Pangs like thine in spirit bearing,
   In thy love and sorrow sharing,
   By the Cross to stand with thee;
   With the love of Jesu burning,
   For the pains of Jesu mourning,
   Still may this our portion be!

4. Virgin-born, on Thee relying,
   May we bear about Thy dying,
   And with Thee to glory rise:
   By Thy holy Cross defended,
   When this mortal life is ended,
   May we rest in Paradise.

Peculiar.

EASTER EVEN. *

LXXIII.

And when Joseph had taken the Body, he wrapped It in a clean linen cloth, and laid It in his own new tomb.

1. Resting from His work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still He lay, from Head to Feet
Swathèd in the winding-sheet,
In the rocky tomb alone,
Hid beneath the sealèd stone.

2. All the seventh day long was seen
Watching there the Magdalene;
Early rose she, rested late,
By the sepulchre to wait,
In the holy garden glade
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3. So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmèd cell
None but Thou may'st ever dwell!

4. Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

Peculiar.

* See also Hymns for Sixth and Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

EASTER DAY.

LXXIV.

He was cut off out of the land of the living; for the transgressions of Thy people was He stricken. But Thou didst not leave His Soul in hell, nor didst Thou suffer Thy Holy One to see corruption.

Handel.

LXXV.

The Lord is risen, is risen indeed. Alleluia! Fear not: ye seek Jesus Which was crucified. Alleluia! He is not here! He is risen as He said! Alleluia!

Di Lasso.

LXXVI.

Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us; therefore let us keep the feast.

1. He appeared first to Mary Magdalene.

The Paschal work is wrought;
  The Victim's praise be told!
The spotless Lamb hath brought
  The sheep into the fold;
And Christ, the Sinless, by His Blood,
Hath sinners reconciled to God.

To wondrous strife came Death and Life;
  Sharp was the conflict, but 'tis o'er:
The Prince of Life awhile was dead,
  But is alive for evermore!

Mary, sad mourner, say,
What saw'st thou in the way?

"I saw wherein the Living One was laid:
I saw His glory, Risen from the dead—
The Angel guards that kept the cave,
The useless garments of the grave:
Yea! Christ my Hope is risen indeed, and He
Will go before you into Galilee."

We know the Lord is risen indeed!
Thou King of Glory, help our need!
Alleluia!

Peculiar.

LXXVII.

This day shall be unto you for a memorial; ye shall keep it a feast by an ordinance for ever.

9. And as they went to tell His Disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All Hail! And they came, and held Him by the feet, and worshipped Him.

1. Ye sons and daughters of the Lord!
The King of Glory, King adored!
This day Himself from death restored.
Alleluia!

2. All in the early morning grey
Went holy women on their way,
To see the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia!

3. Of spices pure a precious store
In their pure hands those women bore,
To anoint the Sacred Body o'er.
Alleluia!

4. Then straightway One in white they see,
Who saith, "Ye seek the Lord, but He
Is risen, and goeth to Galilee."
Alleluia!

5. First at the tomb was Magdalen,
Who thither sent the Apostles twain
To see the place where Christ had lain.
Alleluia!

6. That self-same night, while out of fear
The doors were shut, their Lord most dear
To His Apostles did appear.
Alleluia!

7. But Thomas, when of this he heard,
Was doubtful of his brethren's word;
Wherefore again there comes the Lord.
Alleluia!

8. "Thomas! Behold My Side," said He;
"My Hands, My Feet, my Body see;
And doubt not, but believe in Me."
Alleluia!

9. When Thomas saw that Wounded Side,
The truth no longer he denied;
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Alleluia!

10. "O Thomas, blest are they," said He,
"Who trust, although they do not see;
Eternal life their meed shall be."
Alleluia!

11. Now as we keep this holiest Feast,
Be praise and joy in every breast!
By every tongue the Lord be blest!
Alleluia!

12. Nought in our lowliness have we
To render for Thy grace so free,
Yet hearts devote we offer Thee.
Alleluia

Peculiar

LXXVIII.

This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad in it.

3. The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon.

1. Morn of morn, and Day of days!
Silent as the dawning rays,
From the prison of the tomb,
Christ, the Light of lights, has come.
Alleluia!

2. Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
"Where, O Grave, thy boast?" we sing.
"Where, O Death, thy dreaded sting?"
Alleluia!

3. Watch no more the lifeless stone!
Christ the Lord is risen and gone!
"Seek not here," the Angels say,
"Lo! the place where once He lay."
Alleluia!

4. While the dead world sleeps around,
Let the temples wake to sound:
"Christ is risen!" the burthen be,
Let us lift the Jubilee.
Alleluia!

5. Jesu! to each waiting heart
Paschal gladness bright impart;
In the light of Easter Morn
Shine Thou on the newly born!
Alleluia!

6. Be the Father's Name adored!
Glory to our Risen Lord!
Equal thanks and praise we bear
To the Holy Comforter!
Alleluia!

Peculiar.

LXXIX.

If ye then be risen with Christ, set your affections on things which are above.

4. Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?

1. Thou of high Heaven Eternal King!
   Maker of all! Co-equal Son!
   To Whom our paschal praise we bring,
   And hymn with God the Father One;—

2. Who, Born of Mother-Maid before,
   Now from Earth's womb hast risen free;
   And bidd'st us sleep in death no more,
   But rise to second life with Thee;—

3. Eternal Shepherd! Who dost lave
   Thy flock, to stream Baptismal led—
   The laver, and the mystic grave,
   Where souls are cleansed, and sins are dead—

4. Redeemer! Who, upon the Cross,
   The Cross of shame, our debt didst pay;
   And, to retrieve Thy creatures' loss,
   Gav'st lavishly Thy life away;—

5. O Jesu! on each waiting heart
   Lift the glad light of Easter Morn;
   Bid shades of sin and death depart,
   And dawn Thou on the newly born!

6. To Father, Spirit, glory be;
   And to the Son, from death restored:
   O Holy Trinity, to Thee
   Be praises everlasting poured!

Portuguese Hymn.

LXXX.

The sea returned to his strength when the Morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it; and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea.

5. The same day at evening....came Jesus, and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you....Then were the Disciples glad when they saw the Lord.

1. In garments bright of saintly white,
   The Supper of the Lamb around,
   The Red Sea vast in safety passed,
   To Christ our King high triumph sound.

2. The victory won, Hell's power o'erthrown,
   His banner waves in open sky;
   Heaven's gates behold to Him unfold,
   And quelled the Prince of Darkness lie.

3. The air with Alleluias rings,
   Hell shudders with a strange dismay,
   While He the prisoned Fathers brings
   With strong right hand to realms of day.

4. Lowly He lay the grave beneath,
   By stone and seal and guard confined;
   Glorious He rose, and buried Death
   Deep in the tomb He left behind.

5. Farewell then, Grave, a long farewell
   To funeral tears, and grief and pain;
   O hear yon glistening Angel tell,
   Death's conquering Lord is risen again!

6. O Jesu! to each waiting breast
   Unceasing paschal gladness be;
   With Father and with Spirit blest,
   Unceasing praise we bring to Thee.

Creation.

EASTER MONDAY.

LXXXI.

He is not here, for He is risen as he said. Come see the place where the Lord lay.

1. Angels! come on joyous pinion
   Down the Heaven's melodious stair:
   Triumphing o'er Death's dominion,
   Free into the upper air,
   Christ hath risen,
   And hath burst the sepulchre!

2. All in vain the posted station
   Of the armèd soldiery!
   All in vain the faithless nation
   Striveth to imprison Thee!
   Seal unbroken,
   Thou Thyself from death canst free.

3. "If Thou be Messiah truly,
   From the Cross Thou wilt descend:"
   Thus they taunted, but Thou duly
   Bor'st Thy torture to the end;
   And all meekly
   To Thy Father's will didst bend.

4. Yet, though not Thy Cross forsaking
   When Thy cup of woe o'erflowed,
   Thou did'st more; Death's empire breaking,
   Thou didst leave Thy drear abode:
   O ye faithless,
   Own Him now the Son of God!

5. Lord, with Thee in daily dying
   May we die, and with Thee rise;
   And, from earth's allurements flying,
   Place our treasure in the skies;
   Thee adoring,
   Only Good, and only Wise:

Peculiar.

EASTER TUESDAY.

LXXXII.

Why seek ye the Living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen.

1. Jesu lives! no longer now
   Can thy terrors, Death, appal us:
   Jesu lives! and this we know,
   Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.
   Alleluia!

2. Jesu lives! to Him the throne
   Over all the world is given:
   His will go where He is gone,
   Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.
   Alleluia!

3. Jesu lives! for us He died:
   Then alone to Jesu living
   Pure in heart may we abide,
   Glory to our Saviour giving.
   Alleluia!

4. Jesu lives! we know full well
   Nought from us His love shall sever;
   Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
   Tear us from His keeping ever.
   Alleluia!

5. Jesu lives! henceforth is death
   But the gate of life immortal;
   This shall calm our trembling breath
   When we pass its gloomy portal.
   Alleluia!

Peculiar.

LXXXIII.

He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself.

6. And after eight days again His Disciples were within, and Thomas with them. Then saith He to Thomas . . . Be not faithless but believing.

1. Like morning on the waiting sight
   Of those He came to save,
   The Lord of new-created light
   Dawned gradual from the grave.

2. He stands revealed to Mary's eye
   In early twilight's gloom;
   The Women see Him as they hie
   With tidings from the tomb.

3. The Church's Rock, the Travellers Twain,
   Have hailed His presence bright;
   The Ten have seen the Lord again;—
   But One hath missed the sight.

4. While seven bright days Christ Risen behold,
   In doubt he lingers on;
   Seven days of hope and joy untold
   For evermore are gone.

5. And when at last the all-gracious Lord
   Vouchsafes the awful sign,
   Makes answer to his secret word,
   And shows the Wounds divine,—

6. Blame blends with love: O doubting heart,
   Fast by thy Saviour stay!
   Choose thou of faith the better part;
   The cloud will roll away.

Bedford.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

LXXXIV.

Ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.
Jesus said, I am the Good Shepherd.

7. After these things Jesus showed Himself again to the Disciples at the sea of Tiberias....Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?....Feed My lambs....Feed My sheep.

1. Wilt Thou not, O Shepherd true!
   Spare Thy sheep, in mercy spare them?
   Wilt Thou not, as shepherds do,
   In Thine arms rejoicing bear them?
   Bear them where all troubles cease,
   Home to folds of joy and peace?

2. Erring we, and gone astray;
   Lures of sin full oft mislead us:
   Bring us back into the way,
   In Thine own green pastures feed us:
   Gather us within the fold
   Where Thy lambs Thy light behold.

3. Grant us, Saviour, yet to be
   With the flock to whom 'tis given
   Safe to feed, and, following Thee,
   Roam the happy plains of Heaven:
   Free from fear of sinful stain,
   They can never stray again.

4. O Thou Shepherd good and true!
   From their foes Thy sheep deliver;
   Help, as shepherds wont to do,
   Harm and ill avert Thou ever:
   Bid Thy trembling wanderers come
   Safely to their heavenly home.

Peculiar.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER,
OR
ROGATION SUNDAY.

LXXXVII.

Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.... In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.

10. Behold I send the promise of My Father upon you.

1. JESU, Refuge of the soul!
   Let me to Thy shelter fly,
   While the raging billows roll,
   While the tempest riseth high:
   Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
   Till the storm of life be past;
   Safe into the haven guide,
   And receive my soul at last.

2. Lord, it is not life to live
   If Thy Presence Thou deny;
   Lord, if Thou Thy Presence give,
   'Tis no longer death to die:
   All my trust on Thee is stayed,
   All my help from Thee I bring;
   Cover my defenceless head
   With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Should the world despise and leave me,
   They, O Christ, have left Thee too;
   Human hearts may oft deceive me,
   Thou art not, like them, untrue;
   And whilst Thou shalt shine upon me,
   God of mercy! God of might!
   Foes may hate and friends disown me—
   Show Thy face, and all is bright.

Peculiar.

ASCENSION DAY.

LXXXVIII.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is the King of Glory? Even the Lord of Hosts: He is the King of Glory.

Handel.

LXXXIX.

While they beheld, He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight.

1. King Supreme! of power unbounded,
   Who Thy faithful flock dost save;
   Death to Thee, all deadly wounded,
   Triumph and high glory gave.

2. Through the starry orbs ascending,
   Where Thy Throne of glory called;
   Robed from Heaven with power unending,
   By no human hand installed;—

3. There Thy kingdoms three adore Thee:
   Heaven above, and Earth below,
   Darkest Hell beneath—before Thee,
   All the knee submissive bow.

4. Heaven's high Host with awe beholdeth
Death to life restored again:
God made flesh man's flesh remouldeth,
Man true God of God doth reign.

5. Lord, from earth our prayers pursue Thee;
Saviour, all our sins forgive;
Lift our hearts on high unto Thee,
All our earthly woes relieve.

6. Thou, the Way, dost heavenward lead us,
Thou the Goal to which we tend;
Solace sweet 'mid tears to glad us,
Crown of life when tears shall end!

7. As we trace Thee, Lord, ascending,
Flesh-clad, to Thy Glory-Throne,
May we, in Thy pity blending,
Make each brother's woe our own.

8. So when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of Heaven shalt shine,
We shall stand forgiven before Thee,
And Thyself shalt own us Thine.

9. Hail, to Heaven in triumph riding,
Jesu! Thee shall all adore,
In Thy Father's might abiding
With One Spirit evermore.

Peculiar.

XC.

It came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into Heaven.

1. The Saviour stood on Olivet;
   His earthly task was o'er;
   And wherefore should He linger yet
   On this world's dreary shore?

2. He raised on high His Hands divine;
   He blessed the faithful train:
   Oh! when shall Adam's guilty line
   Such blessing hear again?

3. Then slowly towards th' expecting sky
   The sky's Creator rose;
   Angelic watchers, ranged on high,
   Bade Heaven's bright gates unclose.

4. And in He came, the Lord of might,
   Eternal and Supreme;
   Whose Presence e'en those realms of light
   Illumed with brighter beam.

5. O Thou Who thus exalted art,
   On Whom our souls rely!
   Grant to us now, in mind and heart,
   To dwell with Thee on high.

6. And when at length, redeemed by Thee,
   The Saints that sleep shall rise,
   With theirs our happy portion be,
   A home beyond the skies.

Warwick.

XCI.

He was received up into Heaven and sat on the right hand of God.

1. Earth Thy home, O Christ, no more,
   Thou with Death and Hell has striven,
   And with rescued souls dost soar
   Victor to the gates of Heaven.

2. "Lo, the King of glory waits,"
   Angels chant the solemn lay—
   "Lift your heads, eternal gates,
   Everlasting doors, give way!

3. Open wide, for lo, He waits,
   Waits His Father's throne to win;
   Lift your heads, eternal gates,
   Let the Kng of glory in!"

4. King of glory! still Thy love
   Sleeplessly Thy flock surrounds;
   Still a Priest Thou plead'st above,
   Showest the Atoning Wounds.

5. To Thy glory, Lord, on high,
   Bear us on through earthly strife;
   Give with Thee to live and die,
   Give the crown of deathless life.

6. Jesu, hail, upraised to Heaven!
   Father, we Thy Name adore;
   To the Holy Ghost be given
   Laud and blessing evermore.

Peculiar.

XCII.

We have not an High Priest, who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities.
The Comforter.... Whom I will send from the Father.

1. Where high the Heavenly Temple stands,
   The House of God not made with hands,
   A great High-Priest our nature wears,
   The Guardian of mankind appears.

2. He who for men their Surety stood,
   And poured on earth His precious Blood,
   Pursues in Heaven the mighty plan,
   The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3. In every pang that rends the heart
   The Man of Sorrows once had part,
   And still, above the starry sphere,
   He stoops to dry the mourner's tear.

4. Our Fellow-Sufferer yet retains
   A fellow-feeling of our pains;
   He yet remembers in the skies
   His tears, His agonies, and cries.

5. With boldness, therefore, at the Throne,
   Let us make all our sorrows known;
   And seek the Promised Spirit's power,
   To aid us in temptation's hour.

6. Jesu! all hail, to Heaven restored,
   Of earth and Heaven Eternal Lord:
   With Father and with Spirit, to Thee
   Eternal praise and glory be.

Old Hundredth.

WHITSUNDAY.

XCIII.

I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; and I will put My Spirit within you, that ye may walk in My statutes: and ye shall be My people, and I will be your God.

Vittoria.

XCIV.

If ye love Me, keep My commandments. And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of Truth.

Tallis.

XCV.

The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost....He shall teach you all things.

1. Holy Spirit, from on high,
   On our deep obscurity
   Thou thy brightness bend:
   Come, Thou Father of the poor,
   Come, Thou Source of all our store,
   Light of souls, descend!

2. Comforter for ever Blest,
   Welcome Inmate of the breast,
   Coolness Thou, and Calm:

Rest in toil and Solace sweet,
Shady Shelter in the heat,
Sorrow's soothing Balm!

3. Purest Light, dispel our gloom;
Every faithful breast illume
With Thy searching ray:
If Thou help not, helpless we:
Nothing good in man can be
If Thou be away.

4. What is stained cleanse anew,
What is withered bedew,
Soothe the spirit's pain:
Bend the stubborn, warm the cold;
When we wander from the fold
Bring us back again.

5. Lord, our trust in Thee we place;
Let Thy sevenfold gift of grace
To Thy flock be given:
Holy living here below,
And the death of peace bestow,
And the joys of Heaven.

Peculiar.

XCVI.

And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.

1. Holy Ghost! Creator Blest!
Come and dwell in every breast:
And with grace divine pervade
Every soul Thyself hast made.

2. Paraclete! to Thee we cry;
Promised Gift of God most High;
Living Fountain, Fire, and Love,
Sweet Anointing from above!

3. Thou of grace the Sevenfold Dower,
Index of the Father's power!
Promise by the Prophets sung,
Pouring speech on mortal tongue!

4. O'er each sense Thy light be shed,
Thro' each heart Thy love be spread:
And in this our feeble clay
Thou Thy strength divine display!

5. Drive far off the ghostly foe;
Inward peace, Good Lord, bestow:
Thou our Leader, we Thy care,
We shall 'scape each sinful snare.

6. Thou the Father's might unfold,
And by Thee let Christ be told!
Spirit Thou of Sire and Son!
Changeless creed of Three in One.

7. To the Father praise be given,
To the Son upraised to Heaven;
Equal laud we ever bear
To the Holy Comforter!

Peculiar.

XCVII.

There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit.

1. When God of old came down from Heaven
   In power and wrath He came;
   Before His feet the clouds were riven,
   Half darkness and half flame.

2. But when he came the second time
   He came in power and love;
   Softer than gale at morning prime
   Hovered the Holy Dove.

3. The fires that rushed on Sinai down,
   In sudden torrents dread,
   Now gently light, a glorious crown,
   On every sainted head.

4. And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
   The voice exceeding loud,
   The trump that Angels quake to hear,
   Thrilled from the deep dark cloud—

5. So when the Spirit of our God
   Came down His flock to find,
   A Voice from Heaven was heard abroad,
   A rushing mighty wind.

6. God of all grace! To thee we pray,
   To Thee adoring bend:
   Into our hearts this holy day
   That Spirit's fulness send.

7. Thou who of old Thy grace didst pour
Into each waiting breast,
Thy grace in us, where lost, restore,
And give us peace and rest.

St. Stephen's.

WHIT-TUESDAY.

XCVIII.

' Though I speak with the tongues of men and of Angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

1. Spirit of Truth, this holy day
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2. We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long Thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

3. We murmur not that Prophet's skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace Thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

4. No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
And bless Thee in our prayer.

5. When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
With Faith, with Hope, with Love.

Martyrdom.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

XCIX.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, Which was, and is, and is to come! Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour; for Thou hast created all things. Alleluia!

Di Lasso.

C.

They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come!

1. Three in One, and One in Three!
   Ruler of the earth and sea!
   Hear us while we lift to Thee
   Holy chant and psalm.

2. Light of lights! with morning-shine
   Lift on us Thy light divine;
   And let charity benign
   Breathe on us her balm.

3. Light of lights! when falls the even
   Let it sink on sin forgiven:
   Fold us in the peace of Heaven;
   Shed a vesper calm.

4. Three in One, and One in Three!
   Darkling here we worship Thee:
   With the Saints hereafter we
   Hope to bear the palm.

Peculiar.

Thou, O God, art praised in Sion: and unto Thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem.

Thou that hearest the prayer: unto Thee shall all flesh come.

Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness: and Thy clouds drop fatness.

HYMNS AND ANTHEMS.

PART THE THIRD.

TRINITY TO ADVENT.

INCLUDING

The Proper of Saints.

NUMBERS CI.—CL.

O ye Winter and Summer, bless ye the Lord: praise Him and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, bless ye the Lord: praise Him and magnify Him for ever.

O ye holy and humble Men of heart, bless ye the Lord: praise Him and magnify Him for ever.

HYMNS AND ANTHEMS.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

CI.

God is love.

1. Our praise Thou need'st not, but Thy love,
   Our Father and our Friend,
   Would have our prayers thus soar above,
   In blessings to descend.

2. Thy secret judgments' depths profound
   Still sings the silent night;
   The day, upon his golden round,
   Thy pity infinite.

3. The soul, lost in astonishment,
   Would speechless wonder fill;
   But, in the ravished bosom pent,
   Love cannot all be still.

4. Feeble and faint she fain would tell
   Of our great Father's love,
   Tempering the ills that with us dwell,
   And pledging good above.

5. Thither would our best thoughts aspire,
   But chains on us abide:
   O quicken Thou our faint desire,
   And to Thy presence guide!

French.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

CII.

Up, for this is the day!.... Awake, awake, utter a song!

1. Framer of the earth and sky,
   Ruler of the day and night!
   At Thy word the shadows fly,
   Morn returns, and all is bright.

2. Tossed upon the stormy tide,
   Seamen hail the morning's ray;
   He who thrice his Lord denied
   Found repentance with the day.

3. Let us then our hearts arouse,
   Morning calls us to awake;
   Bids us haste to pay our vows,
   And our meek confessions make.

4. Jesu! Master! when we fall
   Turn on us Thy healing face;
   With that look our souls recall
   Unto penitential grace.

5. Sin's destructions, Lord, repair,
   In our darkened bosoms shine:
   Thine the early morning prayer,
   Morning hymns of glory Thine!

6. Glory to the Father be,
   Equal glory to the Son,
   With the Spirit, One and Three,
   While eternal ages run.

Peculiar.

CIII.

There is joy in the presence of the Angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

1. Hark, through the courts of Heaven,
   Voices of Angels sound!
   "He that was dead now lives again,
   He that was lost is found."

2. God of unfailing grace,
   Send down Thy Spirit now:
   Raise the dejected soul to hope,
   And make the lofty bow.

3. When, Lord, in countries far,
   On earthly husks we feed,
   Back to our Father's home of love
   Our wandering footsteps lead.

4. Then at each soul's return
   The heavenly harp shall sound:
   "He that was dead now lives again,
   He that was lost is found!"

5. To God the Son, Who came
   Lost sinners to restore;
   The Father, and the Holy Ghost,
   Be glory evermore.

St. Ive's.

CIV.

I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

1. O Thou Who in the light dost dwell
   To mortal unapproachable;
   Before Whose Presence Angels bow,
   And trembling veil the unsullied brow!

2. We amidst sin and misery
   Plunged as in deepest darkness lie;
   How then can we in exile drear
   Lift the glad song of glory here?

3. A day, O God, thou hast prepared,
   A day of gladness and reward,
   Which the bright sun that flames on high
   Can now but faintly signify.

4. Why lingers thus light's golden wheel,
   Which shall to us that day reveal?
   We must put off, ere that we gain,
   The burden of our fleshly chain.

5. But when, from these her bonds set free,
   The soul shall wing her flight to Thee,
   Her's shall it be for evermore,
   To see Thee, love Thee, and adore!

6. O Thou all-bounteous Three in One,
   By us on earth Thy will be done!
   Give grace this span of life to spend
   Intent on life that ne'er shall end.

Oldham.

CV.

From henceforth thou shalt catch men.

1. O Thou Who didst the worlds create,
   And yet as Man with man didst dwell,
   And chosedst them of low estate
   The mighty of the earth to quell!

2. Who from the labours of the deep
   Didst set Thy servant Peter free,
   To feed and watch Thy chosen sheep,
   And build an endless Church to Thee!

3. This, Bounteous Lord, of Thee We ask—
   The leading of Thine unseen hand,
   The strength to do our earthly task,
   The wisdom on Thy Rock to stand.

4. So when, our livelong toil to crown,
   Thy call shall set the spirit free,
   We'll cast with joy our burthen down,
   And rise, O Lord, and follow Thee.

5. O Son of God, Thy Name we praise;
   Praise to the Father still we bear;
   And equal laud we ever raise
   Unto the Spirit Comforter.

Islington.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

CVI.

We are buried with him by Baptism unto death, that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.

1. With Christ we share a mystic grave;
   With Christ we buried lie;
   But 'tis not in the darksome cave
   By mournful Calvary.

2. The pure and bright baptismal flood
   Entombs our nature's stain,
   And from the healing waters forth
   With Christ we come again.

3. Happy if through this world of strife,
   And sin, and selfish care,
   Our resurrection-mantle white
   And undefiled we wear:

4. If, through the grave and gate of death,
   Glorious at last and free,
   We to our joyful rising pass,
   O Risen Lord, with Thee!

5. And now to the Thrice Holy Name,
   The God Whom we adore,
   To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
   Be glory evermore.

St. Mary's

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

CVII.

I have compassion on the multitude.

1. "Come to a desert place apart,
   And rest a little while:"
   So spake the Christ, when limbs and heart
   Waxed faint and sick through toil.

2. High communings with God He sought,
   But, while He sought them, found
   The restless crowd together brought,
   And thronging all around.

3. Then not a thought to self was given,
   He breathed no word of blame;
   He fed their souls with bread from Heaven,
   He stayed their sinking frame.

4. Nor turned He when His task was done
   To sleep fatigue away:
   When on the desert sank the sun,
   The Saviour waked to pray.

5. Again the people round Him press,
   Again they wistful come:
   He feeds them in the wilderness,
   Nor sends them fainting home.

6. O perfect Pattern from above,
   So strengthen us, that ne'er
   Prayer keep us back from works of love,
   Nor works of love from prayer.

Manchester.

CVIII.

If so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together.

1. Christ leads us through no darker rooms
   Than He went through before:
   He that into God's kingdom comes
   Must pass through sorrow's door.

2. Come, Lord, when Thou hast made us meet
   Thy blessed face to see;
   For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
   What must Thy glory be!

3. Our knowledge of that life is small,
   The eye of faith is dim;
   But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
   And we shall be with Him.

4. We sow 'mid perils here and tears;
   But when earth's toils are done,
   There the glad hand the harvest bears
   Which here in hope hath sown.

5. Searcher and Mover of the heart,
   Thou Blessed One in Three!
   The strength to serve Thee here impart,
   Then take us home to Thee.

Martyrdom.

CIX.

Behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice.

1. Beyond, beyond that boundless sea,
   Beyond that dome of sky,
   Further than thought itself can flee,
   Thy dwelling is on high:
   Yet dear the awful thought to me,
   That Thou, my God, art nigh!

2. Art nigh, and yet the labouring mind
   Feels after Thee in vain:
   Thy herald is the stormy wind,
   Thy path the watery plain,
   But Thee in tempests who can find,
   Or in the trackless main?

3. We hear Thee when the thunders roll
   Through the wide fields of air;
   The waves obey Thy dread control,
   Yet still Thou art not there:
   Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
   Who yet is everywhere?

4. O not in circling depth or height,
   But in the conscious breast,
   Vocal to faith, though veiled from sight,
   There does His Spirit rest!
   O come, Thou Presence Infinite,
   And make Thy children blest!

Peculiar.

CX.

And when He was come near, He beheld the city and wept over it.

1. Past is her day of grace,
   Her cup of wrath o'erflows;
 Yet Jesu views the guilty place,
   And weeps her coming woes!

2. "If thou hadst known, e'en thou,
   At least in this thy day,
 The message of thy peace,—but now
   Thy time hath passed away."

3. And doth the Saviour weep
   Over his people's sin;
 Because we will not let Him keep
   The souls He died to win?

4. Ye hearts that love the Lord,
   If at this sight ye burn,
 See that in thought, in deed, in word,
   Ye hate what made Him mourn.

5. By every precious tear
   Which Thou, dear Lord, didst shed,
 To work Thy will in loving fear,
   Give strength, ere day be fled.

6. O Holy Father, Son,
   And Spirit, One in Three,
 To Thee, while countless ages run,
   All praise and glory be.

St. Margaret's.

CXI.

God be merciful to me a sinner!

1. Have mercy, Lord! each hour of need
   Thy heavenly succour give;
   Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
   Each hour on earth we live.

2. Have mercy when our spirits bleed,
   With contrite anguish sore;
   And when our hearts are cold and dead,
   Have mercy, Lord, the more.

3. Thou seest what evil we have done,
   Our hidden faults we show;
   With prayers and tears our guilt we own,
   Forgive us all we owe.

4. Be merciful, great God on high,
   We know no help but Thee:
   O help us so to live and die
   As Thine in Heaven to be!

5. This grant us, Father ever kind,
   And Thou, Co-equal Son,
   And Holy Ghost, with both enshrined,
   Eternal Three in One.

St. Mary's.

CXII.

And looking up to Heaven, He sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened.

1. The Son of God, in doing good,
   Was fain to look to Heaven and sigh:
   And shall the heirs of sinful blood
   Seek joy unmixed in charity?
   God will not let Love's work impart
   Full solace, lest it steal the heart:
   Be thou content in tears to sow,
   Blessing, like Jesus, in thy woe.

2. He looked to Heaven, and sadly sighed—
   What saw the gracious Saviour there,
   With fear and anguish to divide
   The joy of Heaven-accepted prayer?
   Alas! the deaf may hear His voice,
   And speech to fettered tongues be given,
   But the deaf heart, the dumb by choice—
   For *these* that sigh appeals to Heaven.

3. Lord, by that sad and earnest eye,
   That pleading look, that pitying sigh;
   That voice that with a word could chase
   The dumb deaf spirit from his place—
   As Thou hast touched our ears, and taught
   Our tongues to speak Thy praises plain,
   Quell Thou each thankless godless thought
   That would make fast our bonds again!

Peculiar.

CXIII.

Go, and do thou likewise.

1. O Thou whose care our footsteps guides,
   Whose arm is all our stay;
   Whose goodness for our wants provides,
   And wipes our tears away!

2. Freely to us thy love imparts
   Whate'er our own we call!
   Then, Lord, incline our thankful hearts
   To honour Thee in all.

3. Where'er the helpless sons of grief
   In low distress we see,
   Teach us to yield their woes relief,
   And kindly sympathy.

4. *His* pattern high who passed not by,
   Nor was to succour slow;
   Who viewed with mercy's melting eye
   A brother in a foe:

5. That pattern, Saviour, still be stored
   Deep in our bosom's shrine!
   That mercy sweet is Thine, O Lord,
   That pattern bright is Thine!

6. And Thou with farewell voice didst teach
   Those on Thy name that call,
   To show kind pity each to each,
   As Thou hast lovèd all.

St. Ambrose.

CXIV.

Let us now fear the Lord our God, That giveth rain, both the former and the latter, in his season: He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest.

1. Father of mercies, God of love!
   Whose gifts all creatures share,
   The rolling seasons, as they move,
   Proclaim Thy constant care.

2. When in the bosom of the earth
   The sower hid the grain,
   Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
   And sent the early rain.

3. The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine,
   The season knew Thy call;
   Thou mad'st the summer suns to shine,
   The summer dews to fall.

4. The Hand unseen that works above
   Matured the swelling grain;
   And now the harvest crowns Thy love,
   And plenty fills the plain.

5. O ne'er may our forgetful hearts
   O'erlook Thy bounteous care;
   But what our Father's hand imparts
   Still own in praise and prayer!

6. So shall our suns more grateful shine,
   Our showers more genial fall,
   When all our hearts and lives are Thine,
   And Thou adored in all.

St. Stephen's.

CXV.

Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

1. O Lord, how happy should we be
   If we could cast our care on Thee,
   If we from self could rest;
   And feel at heart that One above,
   In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
   Is working for the best!

2. How far from this our daily life
   So oft disturbed by anxious strife,
   By sudden wild alarms!
   O could we but relinquish all
   Our earthly props, and simply fall
   On Thy Almighty arms!

3. Could we but kneel and cast our load
   Of care and grief upon our God,
   Then rise with lightened cheer!
   Sure that the Father Who is nigh
   To still the very raven's cry,
   Is to His children near.

4. O Thou Whose Providence and Power
   Both feeds the bird and clothes the flower,
   Make us from self to cease!
   Leave all things to our Father's will,
   And taste, before Thee lying still,
   E'en in affliction, peace.

Peculiar.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

CXVI.

When the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not.

1. When our heads are bowed with woe,
   When the bitter tears o'erflow,
   When we mourn the lost, the dear,
   Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

2. Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
   Thou our mortal griefs hast bornè,
   Thou hast shed the human tear:
   Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

3. When the solemn death-bell tolls
   For our own departed souls;
   When our final doom is near,
   Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

4. Thou hast bowed the dying head,
   Thou the blood of life hast shed,
   Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
   Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

5. When the heart is sad within
   With the thought of all its sin,
   When the spirit shrinks with fear,
   Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

6. Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
   Though the sins were not Thine own;
   Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
   Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Peculiar.

CXVII.

There is One Body and One Spirit, even as ye are called in One Hope of your calling; One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism, One God and Father of all.

1. O Thou Who camest down to call
   The wretched and undone,
   And ere Thy Passion wouldst that all
   Thy people should be one!

2. Shall this Thy last and earnest prayer
   Be unaccomplished still,
   And men and evil spirits dare
   To strive against Thy will?

3. The Head is One, the Head is Love,
   The members disagree:
   O send them oneness from above,
   As all are one with Thee!

4. One hope before them all is set,
   One holy faith they hold:
   Though widely wandering, they are yet
   All sheep of one great fold.

5. Spirit of Christ! O make us one,
   That all Thy saints may be
   As is the Father with the Son,
   And as are Both with Thee.

Windsor.

CXVIII.

In every thing ye are enriched by Him..so that ye come behind in no gift.

1. Thou dost, Lord, abhor the proud;
On the arrogant and loud
Thou hast ne'er the grace bestowed
By the lowly won.

2. Thankless souls that will not pray
Turn Thy stream of love away,
And like withered grass decay
'Neath the scorching noon.

3. As the servant's earnest gaze
Keeps his master's hand and ways,
So our eyes we ever raise
To Thy Sion's throne!

4. And shouldst Thou the gift withhold,
Yet, to Thee the full heart told,
Hope shall on her anchor hold,
And await the boon.

5. Glory be to God on high,
To the Son Who came to die,
To the Spirit ever nigh,
Sealing us His own!

Peculiar.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

CXIX.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.

1. Maker of all things, aid our hands,
   In all our works be near,
   That our chaste lives may prove us meet
   The Name of Christ to bear!

2. Thou Only Mighty, Only Good,
   Art to Thyself the Way!
   Thou only Who hast given the law
   Canst give us to obey.

3. Perils environ all the road;
   Our slippery feet control;
   That so our steps more steadfastly
   May press on to the goal.

4. O happy goal, where true repose
   And peace abides for ever;
   And Thou to Thine dost give to drink
   Of joy as from a river!

5. For Thee, Good Lord, the heart doth pant,
   For Thee the spirit sighs!
   O to Thine own redeemed ones grant
   To win the eternal prize.

6. In faith, hope, love, we serve Thee here;
   O to Thy flock be given,
   When faith and hope have passed away,
   The perfect love of Heaven!

French.

CXX.

Redeeming the time.

1. As o'er the past my memory strays,
   Why heaves the secret sigh?
   'Tis that I mourn departed days,
   Still unprepared to die.

2. The world, and worldly things beloved,
   Have anxious thoughts employed;
   And time unhallowed, unimproved,
   Presents a fearful void.

3. Yet, Holy Father, chase despair
   Forth from this labouring breast!
   Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
   That grace can do the rest.

4. My life's best remnant all be Thine;
   And when Thy sure decree
   Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
   O speed my soul to Thee!

St. Mary's.

CXXI.

To know wisdom and instruction; to perceive the words of understanding.

1. Almighty God, in humble prayer,
   To Thee our souls we lift!
   Do Thou our waiting minds prepare
   For Thy most needful gift.

2. We ask not golden streams of wealth
   Along our path to flow;
   We ask not undecaying health,
   Nor length of years below.

3. We ask not honours, which an hour
   May bring and snatch away;
   We ask not pleasure, pomp, or power,
   Lest we should go astray.

4. We ask for wisdom: Lord, impart
   The knowledge how to live;
   A wise and understanding heart
   To us Thy children give.

5. A wise, a calm, a thankful heart,
   From every murmur free;
   That clingeth to the better part,
   And lives alone to Thee.

6. Let the sweet faith that we are Thine
   Our life and death attend:
   Thy presence through the journey shine,
   And crown the journey's end!

St. David's.

CXXII.

I say not unto thee, until seven times, but until seventy times seven.

1. All-Holy Saviour, 'twas not Thine
   To spurn the erring from Thy sight;
   Nor did Thy smile of love divine
   Turn from the penitent its light!

2. And how shall we, who own Thy name,
   A brother's fault too sternly view;
   Or think Thy holy law can blame
   The tear to human frailty due?

3. Needing forgiveness, may we yield
   Forgiveness of the wrongs we bear;
   And strive the erring one to shield
   From deeper sin or dark despair.

4. And when our own offences weigh
   Upon our hearts with anguish sore,
   Lord, let Thy sparing mercy say,
   "In peace depart, but sin no more."

Angels' Song.

CXXIII.

Brethren, be followers together of me....for our conversation is in Heaven.

1. Yes, thou hast drained thy Master's cup,
   His bitter woes adored;
   And by thy sufferings hast filled up
   The sufferings of thy Lord!

2. Not only on thy body borne
   Thy Master's mark impressed,
   But He within thy spirit worn,
   Himself doth manifest.

3. So, holy Paul, thou liv'st no more,
   Art dead with Him that died;
   But in thy bosom evermore
   Doth live the Crucified.

4. True champion of the Holy Cross,
   To whom high grace was given,
   Serene, 'mid earthly pain and loss,
   To live the life of Heaven:

5. O in thy teaching day by day
   May Jesu's flock abide,
   And follow thee on Jesu's way,
   The follower and the guide!

6. Grant this, O Holy Father, Son,
   And Spirit, One and Three;
   And ever, unto Thee alone,
   All laud and glory be.

Windsor.

CXXIV.

Daughter, be of good comfort.
He went in, and took her by the hand, and the maid arose.

1. When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean Who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2. If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do,—
Still He who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in the evil hour.

3. When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
He from Whose brow, the foe to quell,
The big round drops in anguish fell,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4. When mourning o'er some stone I bend,
Where sleeps the dust of child or friend;
Which from the hand, the voice, the smile,
Divides me for a little while;
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For "Jesus wept" o'er Lazarus dead

5. And oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died!
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Peculiar.

CXXV.

This is of a truth that Prophet That should come into the world.

1. Creator of the starry poles!
   Eternal Light of faithful souls,
   Jesu, Redeemer, bow Thine ear,
   Thy suppliants' call in pity hear!

2. Who, man's unearthly foe to quell,
   A Man with men on earth didst dwell;
   In fulness of the ages born,
   Sole Succour of a world forlorn!

3. Who, to atone the common guilt,
   By Thy flesh torn and blood outspilt,
   Forth from the Virgin's holy womb,
   Pure Victim, to the Cross didst come!

4. At vision of Whose glory bright,
   At naming of Whose Name of might,
   High Heaven above and hell below
   In reverence or in trembling bow!

5. Almighty Judge, to Thee we pray,
   Judge of that last and dreadful day!
   Protect us through the unearthly fight
   With armour of celestial light.

6. To God the Father, with the Son,
   And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
   Laud, honour, power, and majesty,
   Now and henceforth for ever be.

Old Hundredth.

SAINT ANDREW'S DAY.

CXXVI.*

How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace, that bring glad tidings of good things!

Palestrina.

CXXVII.†

Their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world.

1. High let the anthem soar,
   The glad memorial lay!
   Chosen of Christ! for you we pour
   The song of praise to-day.

2. Lights of a world forlorn!
   Truth's radiance pure ye shed:
   Beauteous your feet as dawning morn
   Upon the mountains spread!

3. Chiefs of the Church of God!
   Champions of glorious strife!
   Firm to the death for Christ ye stood,
   Then soared to deathless life.

* Equally appropriate for any Apostle or Evangelist.
† Equally appropriate for any Apostle.

4. In you Faith proved her might,
And quenchless Hope shone high;
And Christ's own light burned pure and bright,
In your meek Charity.

5. By you the Father, Son,
And Spirit are displayed:
Through you God's will on earth is done,
And Heaven is joyful made.

6. O Christ! when Thou shalt come,
As Thou by them dost tell,
Receive us to Thy heavenly home,
With them and Thee to dwell.

St. Ive's.

CXXVIII.

Follow Me and I will make you fishers of men.

1. Of all the honours man may wear,
Of all his titles proudly stored,
No lowly palm this Name shall bear,
The first to follow Christ the Lord.

2. Two only of His own found grace
To die the very death He died;
The same, yet changed—they seek a space
To part them from the Crucified.

3. He who denied—he dares not scale
With forward step the holy stair:
Best for his lowly heart and frail
In penance to hang downward there.

4. And thou, that Saintly Elder meek,
Who didst of old thy Brother bring,
As worthier with the Christ to speak,
More fit to serve the promised King;—

5. Thou too didst serve, and earthly loss
Gained for thee too that bright reward;
Thou sought'st the way to change thy Cross,
And yet to suffer with thy Lord.

6. Thou sought'st and found'st: and now where'er
St. Andrew's holy Cross we see,
Thy Martyr bound and teaching there
Meet Image is, O Christ, of Thee!

7. Hail, Polestar of the Sacred Year!
Anew we track the circling sky;
By thee, the Apostles' Harbinger,
We feel the Second Advent nigh.

8. First called, first place is given to thee
Of Saintly Names in memory stored;
As Peter once, so yearly we
Are led by thee to Christ the Lord.

9. Thou King of Saints, Blest Three in One,
The Father, Son, and Spirit Most High;
To Thee, while endless ages run,
Be honour, laud, and Majesty.

Angels' Song.

SAINT THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

CXXIX.

Thomas answered and said unto Him, My Lord and My God.

1. Swift gliding through the unopening door,
   Smooth without step or sound,
   "Peace to your souls," He said—no more—
   They own Him, kneeling round:
   Eye, ear, and hand, and loving heart,
   Body and soul in every part,
   Became His witnesses that hour,
   And still tell forth His saving power.

2. And is there still a spirit frail
   Who fears to take their word;
   Scarce daring, through the twilight pale,
   To think he sees the Lord?
   With eyes too tremblingly awake
   To bear with dimness for His sake?
   Like that too fearful Saint of old
   Who doubted what his brethren told.

3. For all thy rankling doubts so sore,
   Love thou thy Saviour still;
   Him for thy Lord and God adore,
   And ever do His will:
   Though vexing thoughts awhile may last,
   Let not thy soul be quite o'ercast;
   His glorious Wounds thou too shalt see,
   And as thy day thy strength shall be.

Peculiar.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

CXXX.

Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?

1. What blaze, O Saul, is round thee poured,
As if all Heaven's refulgent hoard
In one rich glory shone?
One moment, and to earth he falls;
What voice his inmost soul appals?
Voice heard by him alone.

2. "Saul, why a persecutor be?
In harming Mine thou harmest Me;
Mine is their pain and woe:
Know, though at God's right hand I live,
I feel each wound ye reckless give
To the least saint below."

3. Oh, by those gentle tones and dear,
When Thou hast staid our wild career,
Thou only Hope of souls!
Ne'er let us cast one look behind,
But in the thought of Jesus find
What every thought controls.

4. As to Thy last Apostle's heart
Thy lightning glance did then impart
Zeal's never-dying fire;
So teach us on Thy shrine to lay
Our hearts, and let them day by day
Intenser blaze and higher.

5. Still as we walk our earthly round,
The echo of that solemn sound
Be in our memory stored!
This Thou hast told our happy state,
Christ is in those who round us wait,
In them we tend the Lord.

Peculiar.

* See also Hymn for Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

THE PURIFICATION OF SAINT MARY THE VIRGIN.

CXXXI.

The Lord Whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His Temple.

1. Sion, ope thy hallowed dome!
   To His Temple Christ is come;
   Flocks and herds shall bleed no more,
   Truth succeeds to shadowy lore;
   Christ, the Eternal Father's Son,
   Shall Himself for sin atone.

2. Virgin pure, thy downcast eye
   Owns His hidden Godhead high!
   While to Heaven thy pious love
   Duly vows the sacred dove,
   And upon thy bosom lies
   More than dove-like Sacrifice.

3. Simeon, Anna, too we see,
   Types of long expectancy:
   Every age, and sex, and state,
   For the promised mercy wait;
   And with eager voices tell
   This the Hope of Israel.

4. But from thee no voice is heard,
   Mother of the Silent Word!
   They but feel what speech can tell,
   Thou hast thoughts unutterable.

   Holy Trinity, to Thee
   Glory everlasting be!

Peculiar.

CXXXII.

A sword shall pierce through thine own soul also.

1. Ave Mary, full of grace!
In whose virgin arms' embrace
God to God Himself doth vow,
Let me in the Temple wait;
Let me meet Thee at the gate,
Jesu, for mine all art Thou!

2. God is to His Temple come;
Angels throng the hallowed dome;
What beyond hath Heaven in store!
God Himself our flesh doth wear,
Owns a Virgin-Mother's care:
This than Heaven itself is more!

3. Incense gales of gladness rise
Where this Morning Sacrifice
At the hallowed Shrine is made:
Evening's Rite in tears shall end,
And with bitter weepings blend,
On the darkening Cross displayed.

4. There behold the Oblation wrought,
By whose precious Ransom bought,
We are all to God brought nigh:
Now no longer, Lord, our own,
To Thy single service won,
Thine we live, and Thine we die.

5. When Thou lettest us depart,
May we see Thee as Thou art,
Nought of earth arrest our eyes!
Whilst we tarry here below,
Let us here with Jesus grow,
In Him at the last arise!

Peculiar.

SAINT MATTHIAS' DAY.

CXXXIII.

Of these men which have companied with us all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us....must one be ordained to be a witness with us of His Resurrection.

1. O Thou Who gav'st Thy Servant grace
   To mingle with Thy faithful train,
   To hear Thy words, to see Thy Face,
   Throughout Thy time of woe and pain!

2. To see the Light that dimly shone,
   Eclipsed for us in sorrow pale!
   The Image of the Eternal One
   Through shadows of the earthly veil!

3. Thou Who, the while one faithless heart
   Was found among Thy chosen few,
   To fill the Traitor's forfeit part
   Wast training Thine Apostle true—

4. O grant us, King of Mercy, still
   Thine influence round our path to prove;
   Be ours to wait Thy ordering will,
   And trust the leadings of Thy love!

5. Fix Thou our lot—Thou knowest best
   Whose 'tis to stoop, and whose to soar—
   And take us with Thy Saints to rest,
   When all the tasks of time are o'er.

Rockingham.

THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

CXXXIV.

Behold the handmaid of the Lord! Be it unto me according to thy word.

Vittoria.

CXXXV.

Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women!

1. The Angel spake the word—
   "Hail thou of women blest!"
   From highest Heaven the Godhead comes,
   And fills her virgin breast.

2. Maiden, how great henceforth
   Thy dignity shall be!
   The Son of God becomes thine own,
   This day conceived by thee.

3. Was it thy guileless faith
   That lifted thee so high?
   Was it thy pure seraphic love,
   Thy peerless chastity?

4. Nay; 'twas thy lowliness
   Well-pleasing to the Lord,
   That made thee worthy to become
   The Mother of the Word!

5. O lofty lowliness!
   So sweet it was to see,
   That God, when human flesh He took,
   Took human flesh of thee!

6. Redeemer, Virgin-Born,
Father of Heaven Most High,
Thee, Shadowing Spirit, Three in One,
We laud and magnify.

St. Margaret's.

ST. MARK'S DAY.

CXXXVI.

He gave some....Evangelists.

1. Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures,
Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the Holy Gospel shrined:
Blessed tidings of salvation,
Peace on earth their declaration,
Love from God to all mankind!

2. See the Rivers Four that gladden
With their streams the better Eden,
Planted by our Lord most dear:
Christ the Fountain, these the Waters!
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters,
Drink, and find salvation there!

3. Here our souls, with wisdom sated,
More and more shall be translated
Earthly cares and lures above:
Freed from sin's abhorred dominion,
Soaring as on angel pinion,
They shall reach the Source of love.

Peculiar.

CXXXVII.

Let not your heart be troubled....I go to prepare a place for you.

1. Now the hour is drawing near
   Which your Master shall remove:
   Little flock, ye need not fear;
   He shall not forego His love:
   With the bannered Cross unfurled,
   Dread no tumults of the world.

2. Go, ye Saints! your task fulfil,
   Mighty in your Master's power:
   He, though gone, is with you still,
   And in trial's darkest hour,
   Ye shall see on high His Form,
   See the rainbow in the storm.

3. He Who as a Brother died,
   And in the cold grave below
   Laid Him by His brethren's side,
   Marketh well your toil and woe:
   When ye here awhile have striven,
   Ye shall rest with Him in Heaven!

4. Lord, with Thee in daily dying
   May we die, and with Thee rise;
   And, from earth's allurements flying,
   Place our treasure in the skies;
   Thee adoring, Father, Son,
   Holy Spirit, Three and One!

Peculiar.

SAINT BARNABAS THE APOSTLE.

CXXXVIII.

He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith.

This is My commandment, That ye love one another.

1. No more to sigh, no more to weep,
The Saintly Dead in Jesus sleep:
Unfading let their memory bloom,
While rest their bodies in the tomb!
Nor will their Lord the love distrust
That lingers o'er their sacred dust.

2. Though in the grave their clay is cold,
They have not left the Christian fold:
Still do we share their faith and joy,
Still blend we in their blest employ;
And Thee in them, O Lord Most High,
And them in Thee, we magnify.

3. Thine was that Saint of soul so free,
That Son of sweetest Charity:
Obedient to Thy Spirit's call,
He gave Thy poor his earthly all;
And Thou, for Whom he shed his store,
Shalt be his treasure evermore!

4. In evil days, when earth grows old,
And Faith is dim, and Love is cold,
Let Christian footsteps softly tread
Where rest in Hope the Christian dead;
And oft let Faith and Love repair
To gather light and kindling there.

Peculiar.

SAINT JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.

CXXXIX.

The Voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord.

1. Lo, from the desert homes
   Where he hath hid so long,
   The new Elias comes,
   In sternest wisdom strong:
   The Voice that cries
   Of Christ from high,
   And judgment nigh
   From opening skies!

2. Ye haughty mountains, bow
   Your sky-aspiring heads;
   Ye valleys, hiding low,
   Lift up your gentle meads!
   His way make plain
   Your King before,
   For evermore
   He comes to reign!

3. Still let thy warning sound,
   Thou Harbinger of light,
   On our dull ears rebound,
   And break the dreams of night!
   Of deathless doom
   Forewarned by Thee,
   Be ours to flee
   The wrath to come!

4. O Baptist of the wave,
Thou pausest in thy part;
For thou art bid to lave
The Baptist of the heart:
To thee He bends,
And from above
The Sacred Dove
On Him descends.

5. His faithful witness thou,
To herald Him abroad;
Thy voice and finger show
The spotless Lamb of God:
In His bright day
Thou tellest plain
Thy star must wane
And waste away.

6. Yet glory waits for thee;
Thy task not all is done:
Christ's Herald thou shalt be
Not in thy life alone:
But witness bear
With dying breath,
In martyr-death
His Harbinger!

Peculiar.

SAINT PETER'S DAY.*

CXL.

Behold, the Angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison.

Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father Which is in Heaven. And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

1. O Foremost of the glorious band
   Who heard the Saviour's last command!
   O First in penitential grief,
   In love and holy fervour chief!
   Once fallen, but restored to keep
   Thy Master's lambs, thy Master's sheep!

2. With Him on high thou fain would'st dwell,
   But, captive in thy prison-cell,
   'Tis thine to show how vain the thought
   Of peace before the battle fought:
   O members of the thorn-crowned Head,
   Shall you the path of softness tread?

3. The Saint is bound, but all in vain
   The dungeon and the twofold chain:
   'Mid the bright courts of cloudless day
   His unchained spirit afar doth stray;
   And lo, Christ's Angel speeds from far
   To burst for him the prison-bar!

4. O Shepherd good, Thy flock behold,
   Thy purchased and redeemed of old!
   Beneath the oppressor's feet it lies,
   All desolate to Thee it cries;
   But, Lord, Thy promise cannot fail,
   The gates of hell shall not prevail.

Peculiar.

* See also Hymn for Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

SAINT JAMES THE APOSTLE.

CXLI.

Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of?

1. He knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
   When but His Father's eye
   Looked through the lonely garden's shade
   On that dread Agony!
   Messiah cried with suppliant breath,
   Bowed down with sorrow unto death.

2. He proved them all—the doubt, the strife,
   The faint perplexing dread;
   The mists that hang o'er parting life
   All gathered round His head:
   And the Deliverer knelt to pray;
   Yet passed it not, that cup, away!

3. It passed not, though the stormy wave
   Had sunk beneath His tread;
   It passed not, though to Him the grave
   Had yielded up its dead:
   But there was sent Him from on high
   A gift of strength, for man to die!

4. And was the Sinless thus beset
   With anguish and dismay?
   How may *we* meet our conflict yet
   In the dark narrow way?
   Through Him Who stooped to mortal pain,
   That we might heavenly succour gain!

5. Through Him, O martyred Saint, Who gave
   To thee the glorious meed,
   First of thy brethren death to brave,
   First for thy Lord to bleed;
   And made thy cup of suffering be
   The cup of immortality!

Peculiar.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW THE APOSTLE.

CXLII.

Wisdom shall praise herself, and shall glory in the midst of her people.

Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.

1. O happy is the man who hears
   Instruction's warning voice;
   And who celestial Wisdom makes
   His early, only choice!

2. For she hath treasures greater far
   Than East and West unfold;
   And her rewards more precious are
   Than all their stores of gold.

3. Her lore is bright as noontide light,
   Sweet as the voice of song;
   Majestic as the swelling tide
   Euphrates rolls along.

4. She guides the weak unwary steps
   The path of right to tread;
   A crown of glory lo! she sets
   Upon the Saintly Head.

5. Mother of Love, and sweet Control,
   And holy Hope is she!
   Within the meek and guileless Soul
   Her constant home shall be.

6. Who toil for her ne'er toil in vain,
   Her joys shall never cease:
   Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
   And all her paths are peace.

Bedford.

SAINT MATTHEW THE APOSTLE.

CXLIII.

Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?

1. O Lord, thy presence is revealed
   By mountain and by flood,
   By woodland and by quiet field,
   And homes where dwell the good.

2. But at the sinner's thoughtless board
   Who hopes for trace of Thine?
   Yet there, in mercy, gracious Lord,
   Thou settest still Thy sign.

3. Thy holy presence shines there yet,
   Since, by Thy Blessed Son,
   While sinners round at meat were set,
   His Father's work was done.

4. Blest lesson for the faithful heart,
   That pure would still remain;
   Yet do its firm but gentle part
   Amid the bad and vain!

5. Lord, be it ours with fervent speed
   From earthly lures to flee;
   Yet, like Thy Saint, the while to lead
   The earthly near to Thee!

6. Give grace to do Thy work of love,
   All erring souls to win;
   Amid a sinful world to move,
   Yet give no smile to sin.

Manchester.

CXLIV.

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?

1. Ruler of the dread immense!
   Suns and stars that o'er us roll!
   Whose unsleeping Providence
   Guides and sways the wondrous whole!

2. Low before Thy face we bend;
   Hear our supplicating cries;
   And Thy light eternal send
   With the freshly dawning skies.

3. King of kings, and Lord of light!
   This of Thy dear love we pray,—
   May Thy Guardian Angels bright
   Shield us all life's darksome way.

4. May they mar the deadly wiles
   Of the secret Tempter's art,
   Ever weaving subtle toils
   Round about the thoughtless heart.

6. By their care angelic spare us
   Want and woe that nigh us come;
   Let their arms encircling bear us
   Safely to our Father's home.

6. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
   Everlasting One in Three!
   Guard, by Thy Angelic Host,
   Us who put our trust in Thee.

Peculiar.

CXLV.

Luke is with me.

1. They whose course on earth is o'er,
Think they of their brethren more?
They before the throne who bow,
Feel they for their brethren now?

2. "We by enemies distrest,
They in Paradise at rest;
We in battle sharp and sore,
They at peace for evermore!"

3. They whom many a land divides,
Many a mighty sea besides,
Have they with each other part,
Have they fellowship in heart?

4. "Each to each may be unknown,
Wide apart their lot be thrown;
Differing tongues their lips may speak,
One be strong, and one be weak!"

5. Doubt it not: the living share
Each with each in praise and prayer;
Share in Sacrament and sigh,
And in far-spread litany!

6. "Doubt it not: the Saints above
Bend on earth the eye of love!
By their prayer and living word,
Help us, guide us, Blessèd Lord."

Peculiar

SAINT SIMON AND SAINT JUDE.

CXLVI.

If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you.

1. Steep and thorny is the way
   To our home in Heaven ascending;
   Happy he who every day
   Walks therein, for Christ contending;
   Happy when, his journey o'er,
   Conquering he to Christ shall soar.

2. Great shall be his recompense
   True to death on God who waited,
   Who renounced the joys of sense,
   To his Saviour consecrated;
   Who has gazed with steadfast eye
   On the Crown of Victory.

3. On the Cross our Dying Lord
   Bled for man who had offended,
   Purchased us the great reward,
   Then from earth to Heaven ascended:
   Victor e'en in death, He said,
   "Father! it is finishèd."

4. Rest at last, O Saviour dear,
   Give to us who long have striven!
   Storms and night surround us here,
   Bright and peaceful dawns the Heaven:
   Teach us, by Thy Martyrs twain,
   Endless bliss through woe to gain.

Peculiar.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

CXLVII.

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the Throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple. Amen.

Palestrina.

CXLVIII.

After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number.

1. Spouse of Christ, for Him contending
   O'er each clime beneath the sun!
   Blend with prayers for help ascending
   Notes of praise for triumphs won.

2. Holy Church this day rejoices
   All her Saints in Heaven to see;
   Then from earth let all our voices
   Rise in sweetest melody.

3. Mary leads the sacred story,
   Mother of the Heavenly Child;
   Sharer with Him now in glory,
   Maid and Mother undefiled.

4. Angels next, in due gradation
   Of their ordered ministry,
   Hymn the Father of Creation,
   Maker of the stars on high.

5. John, the herald-voice sonorous,
   More than prophet owned to be;
   Patriarchs and Seers in chorus,
   Join the Angelic harmony.

6. All their earthly toils completed,
Hark, the Twelve the anthem swell!
And on Thrones of glory seated
Judge the tribes of Israel.

7. They who nobly died believing,
Martyrs purpled in their gore,
Crowns of life by death receiving
Rest in joy for evermore.

8. Heaven and earth this day adore Thee,
King of Saints, Blest Three in One;
Heaven and earth bow down before Thee
In a wide Communion.

9. Grace, O Christ, to us be given
So on earth to follow Thee,
That with all Thy Saints in Heaven
We at last may numbered be.

Peculiar.

CXLIX.

Great is your reward in Heaven.

1. How bright these glorious Spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2. Lo, these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the Blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

3. Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

4. Hunger and thirst they feel no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray:
God is their Sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

5. The Lamb Who dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

6. 'Mid pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

St. Stephen's.

CL.

Clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.

1. Who are these, like stars appearing,
These before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia, hark, they sing!
Praising loud their Heavenly King.

2. These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long;
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
These who well the fight sustained
Victory through the Lamb have gained.

3. These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried;
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they magnified:
Now their painful conflict's o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

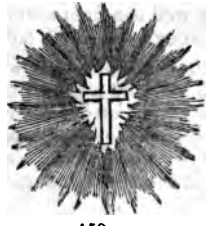
4. These, the Almighty contemplating,
   Kings and Priests before Him stand;
Robed and palmed, for ever waiting,
   Day and night at His command:
Thus, in His most holy place,
Still they see their Father's face.

5. As the hart at noon-tide panteth
   For the brooks of water clear,
For the life-spring Jesu granteth
   These have groaned with many a tear:
Now their thirst is satisfied,
For they are by Jesu's side.

6. Lo, the Lamb Himself now feeds them
   On Mount Sion's pastures fair;
From His central throne He leads them
   To the living fountains there:
Lamb and Shepherd, Good Supreme,
Free he gives the cooling stream.

7. Jesu, Blessed Mediator,
   Thou the shadowy path hast trod!
Thou the Judge and Consummator,
   Shepherd of the fold of God!
Guide us to the realms of day,
Wipe our every tear away.

Peculiar.



SUPPLEMENTARY PART.

INCLUDING

Hymns for Special Occasions,

AND

Metrical Versions from the Psalter.

NUMBERS CLI.—CC.

They sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb.

HOLY COMMUNION.

CLI.

I am that Bread of Life.

1. Praise thy Saviour, Sion, praise Him!
High in choral anthems raise Him,
Guide unfailing, Shepherd strong!
Dare thy best, His Name exalting,
For all praise is weak and halting,
Task too high for thy frail tongue.

2. Feast from age to age remaining,
Living Bread and life-sustaining,
Is to-day before thee set:
E'en the same we touch and take it
As when o'er His Board He brake it,
Where the Brethren Twelve were met.

2. Full and clear ring out our chanting,
Joy nor ordered grace be wanting,
'Tis the adoring spirit's mirth:
Lo! to sinful mortals given
Angels' food, true Bread from Heaven
To the children of the earth.

4. Shepherd true, Who liv'st for ever,
Jesu, of all good the Giver,
Feed us, keep us, till we die:
Here below to please Thee make us,
And at last, O Saviour, take us
To Thy Feast of love on high.

Peculiar.

CLII.

Suffer the little children to come unto Me.

1. Jesus, Lord, Thy servants see,
   Offering Thee obedience willing;
   Lo! this infant comes to Thee,
   Thus thy mandate blest fulfilling:
   'Tis for such Thyself declarest
   That the Kingdom Thou preparest.
2. Take the pledge we offer now,
   To the Font Baptismal hastening;
   Make *him*, Lord, Thy child below,
   Let *him* feel Thy tender chastening,
   That *he* here may love and fear Thee,
   And in Heaven dwell ever near Thee.
3. Prince of Peace, Thy peace bestow,
   Shepherd, to Thy sheepfold take *him;*
   Way of Life, his pathway show,
   Head, Thy living member make *him!*
   Vine, abundant fruit providing,
   Keep this branch in Thee abiding!
4. Lord of grace, to Thee we cry,
   Full our hearts to overflowing,
   Heavenward take the burdened sigh,
   Blessings on the babe bestowing;
   Write the name by mortals given,
   Write it in the book of Heaven.

Peculiar.

CLIII.

If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his Cross, and follow Me.

1. In token that thou shalt not fear
   Christ Crucified to own,
   We print the Cross upon thee here,
   And stamp thee His alone.

2. In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

3. In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the Cross, despise the shame,
And set thee down on high;

4. Thus, with the sign of JESU's love,
We mark thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears the Cross
Hereafter wear the Crown!

St. Paul's.

CONFIRMATION.

CLIV.

Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth?

1. Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding
With a shepherd's tenderest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
Whilst the lambs Thy bosom share—
Now these youthful ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy guardian arm;
There we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

2. Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the tempter's prey;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep them all life's dangerous way.
Shield them with Thy power supernal
While they tarry here a space;
Then within Thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting-place.

ullar.

ORDINATION.

EMBER WEEKS.

CLV.

Brethren, pray for us.

1. O Thou Who in Thy holy place
   Hast set Thine Orders three,
   Grant Thine appointed servants grace
   To win a good degree:
2. That so, replenished from above,
   And in their office tried,
   Thy flock may learn the law of love,
   And Thou be glorified!
3. Hear us, O Father ever kind,
   And Thou, Co-equal Son,
   And Holy Ghost, with Both enshrined
   Eternal Three in One.

French.

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

CLVI.

The glory of the Lord filled the House.

1. God's House on high—it ever rings
   With praises of the King of kings!
   For ever there, on harps divine,
   They hymn the Eternal One and Trine
   We, here below, the strain prolong,
   And faintly echo Sion's song.
2. O Lord of Hosts Invisible!
   With Thy pure light this Temple fill;
   Here through all hearts for evermore
   Thy Spirit's quickening graces pour;
   And show Thy flock that hither come
   The glories of Thy Heavenly Home.
3. *To Him* Whom Angels praise on high,
   Whose glory fills the earth and sky;

To God the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Laud, honour, blessing, majesty,
Now and henceforth for ever be.

CLVII.

Will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold, the Heaven and Heaven of Heavens cannot contain Thee; how much less this House that I have builded!

1. O Thou Whose own vast Temple stands
   Built over earth and sea,
   Accept the walls that human hands
   Have raised to worship Thee.

2. Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
   Within these courts to bide,
   The peace that dwelleth without end
   Serenely by Thy side.

3. May erring souls that enter here
   Be taught the better way;
   And they who mourn, and they who fear,
   Be strengthened as they pray.

4. Here stamp upon the infant heart
   Thy bright Baptismal seal;
   The Bread of Life to them impart
   That round Thine Altar kneel.

5. Here, Father, aid the waiting soul
   By fear and sorrow prest;
   Here, Jesu, make the wounded whole,
   And give the weary rest.

6. Shed here, O Spirit from above,
   The calm of sin forgiven;
   Here tend Thy fruits of faith, hope, love,
   And train our hearts for Heaven.

St. Ambrose.

CLVIII.

Come over and help us.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains,
   From India's coral strand;
   Where Afric's sunny fountains
   Roll down their golden sand:
   From many an ancient river,
   From many a palmy plain,
   They call us to deliver
   Their land from error's chain.

2. Shall they whose souls are lighted
   With wisdom from on high,
   Shall they to lands benighted
   The lamp of life deny?
   Salvation! O Salvation!
   The joyful sound proclaim,
   Till each remotest nation
   Has learned Messiah's Name!

3. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
   And you, ye waters, roll,
   Till like a sea of glory
   It spreads from Pole to Pole!
   Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
   The Lamb for sinners slain,
   Redeemer, King, Creator,
   In glory comes to reign!

Peculiar.

DEPRECATION.

CLIX.

Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away from His fierce anger, that we perish not!

1. Dread Jehovah, God of nations!
   From Thy throne above the skies,
   Hear Thy people's supplications,
   And for their deliverance rise!
   Lo, with deep contrition turning,
   Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
   Hear us, praying, weeping, mourning;
   Hear us, spare us, and defend.

2. Suffering Son of Man, be near us,
   All our sufferings to sustain;
   By Thy sorer griefs to cheer us,
   By Thy more than mortal pain!
   Call to mind that unknown anguish,
   In Thy days of flesh below,
   When Thy troubled Soul did languish
   Under speechless weight of woe.

3. Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
   Long and loud for vengeance call,
   Father, Thou hast love abounding,
   Jesu, Thou canst cleanse them all!
   Hear in Heaven our meek confession,
   Hear in Heaven Thy dwelling-place;
   Save from danger, heal transgression,
   Father, Son, and Spirit of Grace.

Peculiar.

CLX.

He left not Himself without witness, in that He did good, and gave us rain from Heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.

1. Father, to Thy kind love we owe
   All that is fair and good below;
   Bestower of the health that lies
   On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes!

2. Giver of sunshine and of rain,
   Ripener of fruits on hill and plain;
   Fountain of light, that, poured from far,
   Fills the vast urns of sun and star!

3. Yet 'tis not thus, Good Lord, alone,
   Thy mercy and Thy power are shown!
   For we have learned with higher praise,
   And holier names, to speak Thy ways.

4. In woe's dark hour our kindest Stay,
   Sole Trust when life shall pass away;
   Giver of Gift Unspeakable,
   Raising the fallen with Thee to dwell!

5. Patient with countless sins to bear,
   Slow to avenge, and kind to spare;
   Listening to prayer, and reconciled
   Full quickly to Thy erring child!

6. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
   Praise Him, all creatures here below;
   Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host,
   Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Rockingham.

CLXI.

When Thou openest Thy Hand, they are filled with good.

1. O Hand of bounty, widely spread,
   By Whom our every want is fed!
   Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see,
   We owe it all, Good Lord, to Thee:
   The ripening corn, the laden vine,
   These are Thy gifts, and only Thine.

2. Water, by Thee to purple dyed,
   Bread, by Thy blessing multiplied,
   The stormy wind, the whelming flood,
   That silent at Thy mandate stood,
   They heard and owned Thy voice divine,
   Thy creatures they, and only Thine!

3. O Saviour, though no more we trace
   Thy footsteps, or behold Thy Face,
   In countless mercies still we see
   The signs of Present Deity;
   Thy love and power around us shine,
   And Thine we are, and only Thine.

Peculiar.

CLXII.

Thou, O God, hast taught me from my youth up until now

1. When all Thy mercies, O my God,
   My rising soul surveys,
   Transported with the view, I'm lost
   In wonder, love, and praise.

2. Unnumbered blessings to my soul
   Thy tender care bestowed,
   Before my infant heart conceived
   From Whom these blessings flowed.

3. When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe
And led me up to man.

4. Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

5. When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

6. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

7. When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
Still this undying soul, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

8. Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

St. Paul's.

CLXIII.

It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good.

1. Thou Refuge of the weary soul,
   On Thee, when cares and sorrows rise,
   On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
   My fainting hope alone relies.

2. Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains
   O give Thy servant strength to bear;
   Still let me feel my Father reigns,
   Still let me trust His tender care.

3. Why fear the path of grief to tread,
   Why should I shrink from Thy decree,
   If thus my longing soul be led
   A safer, shorter, way to Thee!

4. A bruised reed Thou wilt not break,
   Afflictions all Thy children feel;
   Thou woundest for Thy mercy's sake,
   Thou woundest, Father, but to heal.

5. Thy wondrous ways are all unknown
   To the dim ken of mortal sight;
   Yet shall the heart adoring own
   That all Thy wondrous ways are right.

6. This faith shall every fear control,
   This faith shall bid my sorrows fly;
   No harm can reach the guarded soul
   That rests beneath a Father's eye.

Oldham.

CLXIV.

Come let us return unto the Lord; for He hath torn, and He will heal us; He hath smitten, and He will bind us up.

1. Come let us to the Lord our God
   With contrite hearts return;
   Our God is gracious, nor will leave
   The desolate to mourn.

2. His voice commands the tempest forth,
   And stills the stormy wave;
   And though His arm be strong to smite,
   'Tis also strong to save.

3. Long hath the night of sorrow reigned,
   The dawn shall bring us light;
   God shall appear, and we shall rise
   With gladness in His sight.

4. Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
   Shall know Him and rejoice;
   His coming like the morn shall be,
   Like morning songs His voice.

5. As dew upon the tender herb
   Diffusing fragrance round;
   As showers that usher in the spring,
   And cheer the thirsty ground—

6. So shall His Presence bless our souls,
   And shed a joyful light:
   That gladsome morn shall chase away
   The sorrows of the night.

Peterborough.

CLXV.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

1. O deem not they are blest alone
   Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep:
   The Searcher of the heart hath shown
   A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2. The light of smiles shall fill again
   The lids that overflow with tears;
   And weary hours of woe and pain
   Are promises of happier years.

3. There is a day of sunny rest
   For every dark and troubled night;
   And grief may bide an evening guest,
   But joy shall come with early light.

4. Nor let the good man's trust depart,
   Though life its common gifts deny;
   Though with a pierced and broken heart,
   And spurned of men, he goes to die.

5. For God has marked each sorrowing day,
   And numbered every secret tear;
   And Heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
   For all His children suffer here.

Angels' Song.

CLXVI.

Thy will be done!

1. My God and Father, while I stray
   Far from my home on life's rough way,
   O teach me from the heart to say—
   Thy will be done!

2. If Thou should'st call me to resign
   The thing most dear—it ne'er was mine;
   I only yield Thee what was Thine—
   Thy will be done!

3. If but my fainting heart be blest
   With Thy good Spirit for its guest,
   My God, to Thee I leave the rest—
   Thy will be done!

4. O train my will from day to day,
   Blend it with Thine, and take away
   All that now makes it hard to say—
   Thy will be done!

5. So, when my earthly course is o'er,
   The prayer, oft mixed with anguish sore,
   Shall tearless rise Thy face before—
   Thy will be done!

Peculiar.

CLXVII.

Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you.

1. O let him whose sorrow
   No relief can find,
   Turn to God and borrow
   Ease for heart and mind.

2. Where the mourner weeping
   Sheds the secret tear,
   God His watch is keeping,
   Though none else is near.

3. God will never leave thee,
   All Thy wants he knows,
   Feels the pains that grieve thee,
   Sees thy cares and woes.

4. Raise thine eyes to Heaven
   When thy spirits quail,
   When, by tempests driven,
   Heart and courage fail.

5. All the gloom and sadness
   Of thy night of woe,
   Balance not the gladness
   Thou at last shalt know,

6. On that glorious morrow
   When thy Saviour dear
   From the cheek of sorrow
   Wipes the latest tear.

Peculiar.

CLXVIII.

The fashion of this world passeth away.

1. Beneath our feet and o'er our head
   Is equal warning given;
   Beneath us lie the countless dead,
   Above us is the Heaven.

2. Our eyes have seen the rosy light
   On youth's soft cheek decay,
   And death descend in sudden night
   On manhood's middle day;

3. Have seen the feeble steps of age
   Tend tottering to the tomb:—
   How then shall earth our hearts engage,
   And dreams of years to come!

4. O Saviour of the faithful dead,
   With Whom Thy servants dwell,
   Though cold and green the turf is spread
   Above their narrow cell,—

5. Saviour, to Whom the living turn
   In anguish and distress,
   May we from each new warning learn
   To wake to righteousness.

6. And when at last this feeble breath
Has lost the power to pray,
Then light us through the vale of death,
And in the darksome way.

Windsor.

CLXIX.

Our friend Lazarus sleepeth.

1. At length released from many woes,
How sweetly dost thou sleep;
How calm and peaceful thy repose,
While Christ thy soul doth keep!

2. In earth's wide field thy body now
We sow, which lifeless lies,
In sure and certain hope that thou
More glorious shalt arise.

3. Then rest thee in thy lowly bed,
Nor shall our hearts repine;
Thy toils and woes are finishèd,
A happy lot is thine.

4. Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
Since Christ the Lord hath conquered death,
It is not death to die.

St. Mary's.

CLXX.

Give glory to the Lord your God, before He cause darkness, and before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains.

1. Thou inevitable day,
When a voice to me shall say—
"Thou must rise and come away!

2. "All thine other journeys past,
Gird thee and make ready fast
For thy longest and thy last."

3. Day deep-hidden from our sight
In impenetrable night,
Who may guess of thee aright?

4. Art thou distant, art thou near?
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear?
Day with more of hope or fear?

5. Will there yet be things to leave,
Hearts to which this heart must cleave,
From which parting it must grieve?

6. Or shall life's best ties be o'er,
And all loved things gone before
To that other happier shore?

7. Little skills it when or how,
If thou comest then or now,
With a smooth or angry brow.

8. Come thou must, and we must die!
Jesu, Saviour, stand Thou by,
When that last sleep seals our eye!

Peculiar.

CLXXI.

Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly.—Psalm i.

1. Blessèd the man who hath not trod
   Where evil men repair,
   Nor in the way with sinners stood,
   Nor sat in scorners' chair!

2. But in the Lord's pure law and will
   Hath joyed with deep delight—
   His law, with serious heart and still,
   Hath pondered day and night.

3. He shall be like some pleasant tree
   By river's brink that's seen;
   His fruit in season yieldeth he,
   His leaf shall aye be green—

4. And he shall flourish, rooted fast:
   The wicked are not so;
   Like chaff before the eddying blast,
   They're scattered to and fro.

5. For sure the Eternal Eye will mark
   The good man's work and way;
   But ways of sinners—in the dark
   For ever lost are they.

St. Ann's.

CLXXII.

O Lord our Governor, how excellent is Thy Name in all the world.—Psalm viii.

1. Child of the earth! O lift thy glance
   To yon bright firmament's expanse;
   The glories of its realms explore,
   And gaze, and wonder, and adore.

2. Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light
   That sparkle through the shades of night:
   And what *thou* art, O child of clay,
   Amidst creation's glory, say.

3. Yet fear thou not: the Sovereign Hand
   Which spread the ocean and the land,
   And hung the rolling spheres in air,
   Hath, e'en for thee, a Father's care.

4. Be thou at peace: the All-seeing Eye
   Pervading earth, and sea, and sky—
   The searching glance which none may flee
   Is still in mercy turned on thee.

Oldham.

CLXXIII.

I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.—Psalm xviii.

1. Thee will I love, O Lord, my strength,
   Thou God of mighty power;
   My buckler, and my strong defence,
   My refuge, and my tower!

2. The Lord descended from above,
   And bowed the Heavens most high,
   And underneath His feet He cast
   The darkness of the sky.

3. On cherub and on cherubim
   Full royally He rode,
   And on the wings of mighty winds
   Came flying all abroad.

4. He darkness made His secret place:
   About Him for His tent
   Dark waters were, and thickest clouds
   Of the airy firmament.

5. He sat serene upon the floods,
   Their fury to restrain:
   And He, Jehovah, God of hosts,
   For evermore shall reign.

Colchester.

CLXXIV.

The Heavens declare the glory of God.—Psalm x

1. The spacious firmament on high,
   And all the blue ethereal sky,
   And spangled Heavens, a shining fram
   Their great Original proclaim.

2. The unwearied sun from day to day
   Doth his Creator's power display;
   And publishes to every land
   The work of the Almighty Hand.

3. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
   The moon takes up the wondrous tale
   And nightly to the listening earth
   Repeats the story of her birth.

4. Whilst all the stars that round her bı
   And all the planets in their turn,
   Confirm the tidings as they roll,
   And spread the truth from pole to pol

5. What though in solemn silence, all
   Move round this dark terrestrial ball,
   What though no real voice or sound
   Amid their radiant orbs be found—

6. In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
   And utter forth a glorious voice;
   For ever singing, as they shine,
   "The Hand that made us is divine."

Creation.

CLXXV.

The Lord is my Shepherd.—Psalm xxiii.

1. The Lord's my Shepherd, therefore I
   Shall know no anxious need;
   By pastures green he makes me lie,
   In pastures green to feed.

2. He leads me where the waters glide,
   The waters soft and still;
   And homeward he will gently guide
   My wandering heart and will.

3. Yea, e'en through death's dark vale, my God,
   I'll pass, from danger free;
   Thy shepherd's staff, Thy guiding rod,
   Shall stay and comfort me.

4. My table Thou hast richly spread
   In presence of my foes;
   Thou dost with oil anoint my head,
   And my cup overflows.

5. Mercy and love shall surely wait
   Through all my life on me;
   And I within my Father's gate
   For evermore shall be.

St. Stephen's.

CLXXVI.

The earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is.—Psalm xxiv.

1. The earth is God's, the earth with all
   Her fulness and her store;
   The Sovereign He of this round world,
   And all that range it o'er.

2. "For He hath based it deep and strong
   On seas that heave and flow:
   The Lord hath built the solid earth
   On weltering floods below."

3. Who shall the hill of God ascend?
   Who fearless rise on high,
   And stand in the most holy place
   Beneath the All-seeing Eye?

4. "The clean in hand, the pure in heart,
   These, these with Thee shall dwell:
   This is the race that seek Thy face,
   Thou God of Israel!"

5. Ye gates eternal, lift your heads,
   Lift up your heads on high!
   The King of Glory would come in,
   Come in triumphantly.

6. "Who is the King of Glory? Who?"
   The Strong and Mighty Lord;
   The Mighty Lord, in battle strong,
   And trial of the sword.

7. Ye gates eternal, lift your heads,
Lift up your heads on high!
The King of Glory would come in,
Come in triumphantly.

8. "Who is the King of Glory? Who?"
The Lord of Hosts is He;
He first, He last, He evermore
Shall King of Glory be.

Scarborough.

CLXXVII.

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous.—Psalm xxxiii.

1. Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice,
For it is good and right
That upright men, with thankful voice,
Should praise the Lord of might.

2. Behold, on them that do Him fear
The Lord doth set His eye;
Even them that on His mercy do
With confidence rely—

3. From death to free their soul, in dearth
Life unto them to yield:
Our soul doth wait upon the Lord,
He is our help and shield!

4. Sith in His Holy Name we trust,
Our heart shall joyful be:
Lord, let Thy mercy be on us,
As we do hope in Thee.

Manchester.

CLXXVIII.

I said, I will take heed to my ways.—Psalm xxxix.

1. Lord, let me know mine end,
   My days, how brief their date,
 That I may timely comprehend
   How frail my best estate.

2. My life is but a span;
   Mine age is naught with Thee:
 Man in his highest honour, man
   Is dust and vanity.

3. At Thy rebuke the bloom
   Of human beauty flies;
 And death shall, like a moth, consume
   All that delights our eyes.

4. Have pity on my fears,
   Hearken to my request;
 Turn not in silence from my tears,
   But give the mourner rest.

5. A stranger, Lord, with Thee,
   I walk on pilgrimage,
 Where all my fathers once, like me,
   Sojourned from age to age.

6. O spare me yet, I pray,
   Awhile my strength restore,
 Ere I am summoned hence away,
   And seen on earth no more.

St. Margaret's.

CLXXIX.

Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks.—Psalm xlii.

1. As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for Thee,
Pants the living God to see:
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to Thee draw near?

2. Tears my food both night and day,
Grief consumes my soul away;
While his craft the tempter plies,
"Where is now thy God?" he cries:
This would sink me to despair,
But I pour my soul in prayer.

3. For in happier times I went
Where the multitude frequent:
I, with them, was wont to bring
Homage to thy courts, my King;
I with them was wont to raise
Festal hymns on holy-days.

4. Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole:
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head;
And His countenance benign
Shall again upon thee shine.

Peculiar.

CLXXX.

God is our hope and strength.—Psalm xlvi.

1. God is our Refuge and our Friend,
   A very present help is He;
   We fear not though the mountains bend,
   And earthquakes mingle land and sea:
   When waves beat high against the shore,
   And skies are dark, and tempests roar,
   For shelter to our God we flee.

2. Sweet streams, whose sources never cease,
   The walls of Sion circle round,
   And keep in plenty and in peace
   The circuit of that holy ground:
   And in the midst, to guard His own,
   High on His everlasting throne,
   Jehovah sits, with glory crowned.

3. Wild as the sea, rebellious bands
   Against the hill of God conspire;
   Jehovah's might their rage withstands,
   And bids the wave of war retire:
   To guard His saints the Lord is near;
   He snaps the bow, and breaks the spear,
   And burns the chariot in the fire.

Peculiar.

CLXXXI.

Have mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great goodness.—Psalm li.

1. Have mercy, Lord, on me,
   And blot out all my sin;
 Make me a clean heart, and renew
   A right spirit me within.

2. For I my faults confess,
   My sin I ever see:
 After Thy loving-kindness great,
   Have mercy, Lord, on me.

3. Do Thou unlock my lips,
   With sorrow closed, and shame;
 So shall my mouth show forth Thy praise,
   And bless Thy Holy Name.

4. If sacrifice were sought,
   Then were it gladly given;
 But bleeding victims nought delight
   The Majesty of Heaven.

5. A lowly soul to God
   Is pleasing sacrifice:
 A broken and a contrite heart
   Thou never wilt despise.

6. My offerings will be blessed
   If sanctified by Thee;
 If Thy pure Spirit touch my heart
   With Its own purity.

St. Bride's.

CLXXXII.

Thou, O God, art praised in Sion.—Psalm lxv.

1. Praise waits for Thee in Sion, Lord;
   To Thee vows paid shall be:
   O Thou that Hearer art of prayer,
   All flesh shall come to Thee.

2. Thou Giver of all good, on Thee
   Our constant trust is stayed;
   The outgoings of the morn and even
   By Thee are joyful made.

3. The circling year most liberally
   Thou dost with plenty crown;
   And all Thy paths abundantly
   On us drop fatness down.

4. They drop upon the pastures wide
   That do in desert lie;
   The little hills on every side
   Rejoice right pleasantly.

5. With flocks the pastures clothèd be,
   The vales with corn are clad;
   And now they shout and sing to Thee,
   For Thou hast made them glad.

Colchester.

CLXXXIII.

Save me, O God.—Psalm lxix.

1. God be merciful to me!
For my spirit trusts in Thee,
And to Thee, her Refuge, springs:
Be the shadow of Thy wings
Round the trembling sinner cast,
Till the storm is overpast.

2. From the waterfloods that roll
Deep and deeper round my soul,
Me Thine arm Almighty take,
For Thy loving-kindness' sake;
If Thy truth from me depart,
Thy rebuke would break my heart.

3. Foes increase, they close me round,
Friend nor comforter is found;
Sore temptations me assail,
Hope and strength and courage fail:
Turn not from Thy servant's grief,
Hasten, Lord, to my relief.

4. Poor and sorrowful am I;
Set me up, O God, on high:
Thee my longing soul has sought,
Wonders Thou for me hast wrought:
God be merciful to me!
For my spirit trusts in Thee.

Peculiar.

CLXXXIV.

Give the King Thy judgments, O God.—Psalm lxxii.

1. Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
   To David's glorious Son!
   Hail, in the time appointed,
   His reign on earth begun!
   He comes to break oppression,
   To set the captive free;
   To take away transgression,
   And rule in equity.

2. He shall come down like showers
   Upon the fruitful earth;
   And joy and hope, like flowers,
   Spring in His path to birth.
   Before Him, on the mountains,
   Shall peace, the herald, go;
   And righteousness in fountains
   From hill to valley flow.

3. Arabia's desert-ranger
   To Him shall bow the knee;
   The Ethiopian stranger
   His glory come to see:
   With offerings of devotion
   Ships from the isles shall meet,
   To pour the wealth of ocean
   In tribute at His feet.

4. Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing.
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

5. To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The dews of Heaven shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

6. O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His fixed dominion move;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His holiest Name of Love!

Peculiar.

CLXXXV.

Hear My law, O My people.—Psalm lxxviii.

1. When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
   Out from the land of bondage came,
   His father's God before him moved,
   An awful Guide, in smoke and flame.
   By day, along the astonished lands
   The cloudy pillar glided slow;
   By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
   Returned the fiery column's glow.

2. Thus present still, though now unseen,
   When brightly shines the prosperous day,
   Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
   To temper the deceitful ray.
   And oh, when gathers on our path,
   In shade and storm the frequent night,
   Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
   A burning and a shining light.

Rockingham.

CLXXXVI.

O how amiable are Thy dwellings!—Psalm lxxxiv.

1. How lovely are Thy dwellings, Lord,
   From noise and trouble free!
   How beautiful the sweet accord
   Of souls that worship Thee!

2. Happy who in thy Temple are,
   Where Thee they ever praise;
   Happy the pilgrim bands from far
   That love to tread Thy ways!

3. Through shady vales their course they take,
   Where pleasant streamlets flow;
   The springs gush forth their thirst to slake,
   As they to Sion go.

4. They journey on from strength to strength,
   With joy and gladsome cheer,
   Till all before our God at length
   In Sion do appear.

5. For God the Lord, our Sun and Shield,
   Gives grace and glory bright;
   Nor shall aught good be e'er withheld
   From them whose ways are right.

6. Lord God of Hosts, That reign'st on high,
   That man is truly blest
   Who doth on Thee alone rely,
   On Thee alone doth rest.

Martyrdom.

CLXXXVII.

Lord, Thou hast been our Refuge.—Psalm xc.

1. O God, our help in ages past,
   Our hope for years to come,
   Our shelter from the stormy blast,
   And our eternal home!

2. Before the mountains towering stood,
   Ere earth was piled on sea,
   From everlasting Thou art God,
   And evermore shalt be.

3. A thousand ages in Thy sight
   Are like an evening gone,
   Short as the watch that ends the night
   Before the rising sun.

4. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
   Bears all its sons away:
   They fly forgotten, as a dream
   Dies at the opening day.

5. O turn from us, Thou God of grace,
   The terrors of Thy wrath;
   And lift the brightness of Thy Face
   Upon our darkened path.

6. Teach Thou our wayward hearts aright
   This span of life to spend;
   Then shed upon our souls the light
   Of life that ne'er shall end.

St. Stephen's.

CLXXXVIII.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.—Psalm xcii.

1. O God, 'tis good Thy praise to swell,
   Thy love to own, Thy truth to tell—
   To tell when morning fills the skies,
   And when the evening stars arise.

2. Sweet is the task, and high the theme,
   To hymn Thy glory, God Supreme:
   O may my heart in tune be found,
   Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3. Feeble the strain to mortals given:
   That strain shall swell to strength in Heaven!
   And every power find sweet employ
   In the eternal world of joy.

Angels' Song.

CLXXXIX.

The Lord is King, the earth may be glad thereof.—Ps. xcvii.

1. Father of all, Whose awful voice
   Called forth this universal frame;
   Whose mercies over all rejoice,
   Through endless ages still the same—
   Let all who owe to Thee their birth
   In praise their every power employ!
   Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth!
   And shout, ye morning stars, for joy!

2. Thee, Sovereign Lord, let all confess
That move in earth, or air, or sky;
Revere Thy power, Thy goodness bless,
Tremble before Thy piercing eye!
Wisdom, and might, and love are Thine:
Prostrate before Thy feet we fall:
O shield us with Thy power divine,
And be, O God, our All in All!

Old Hundredth.

CXC.

O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands.—Psalm c.

1. All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

2. "Jehovah, He is God indeed:
Without our aid He did us make;
We are his flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take."

3. O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4. "For He, the Lord our God, is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure."

Old Hundredth.

CXCI.

Praise the Lord, O my soul.—Psalm ciii.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul!
   His grace to thee proclaim:
 And all that is within me join
   To bless His Holy Name.

2. O bless the Lord, my soul!
   His mercies bear in mind:
 Forget not all His benefits;
   The Lord to thee is kind.

3. 'Tis He forgives thy sins;
   'Tis He relieves thy pain;
 'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
   And makes thee young again.

4. He will not always chide;
   He will with patience wait:
 His wrath is ever slow to rise,
   And ready to abate.

5. Our Father knows our frame;
   And His forgiving love
 Far as the east is from the west
   Doth all our sins remove.

6. Then bless His Holy Name
   Whose grace hath made thee whole;
 Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
   O bless the Lord, my soul!

St. Ive's.

CXCII.

Praise the Lord, O my soul.—Psalm civ.

1. Thou art, O God, the Life and Light
   Of all this wondrous world we see;
   The glow of day, the shades of night,
   Are but reflections caught from Thee:
   Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
   And all things fair and bright are Thine.

2. When Day with farewell beam delays
   Among the golden clouds of even,
   As if to draw our earthly gaze
   From this dim earth to opening Heaven,
   Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
   So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

3. When Night, with wings of stormy gloom,
   O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
   And Heaven's bright host their fires relume,
   And sparkle with a thousand eyes;
   That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
   So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

4. When youthful Spring around us breathes
   Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
   And every flower the Summer wreathes
   Is born beneath that kindling Eye:
   Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
   And all things bright and fair are Thine.

Peculiar.

CXCIII.

Praise the Lord, ye servants.—Psalm cxiii.

1. Lift your voice, and thankful sing,
   Praises to your Heavenly King;
   For His blessings far extend,
   And His mercies know no end.

2. O'er all nations God alone,
   Higher than the Heavens His throne;
   Who is like to God Most High,
   Infinite in Majesty!

3. He Who bade the watery deep
   Under earth's foundation sleep,
   And the orbs that gild the pole
   Through the boundless ether roll!

4. Yet to view the Heaven He bends,
   Yea, to earth He condescends;
   Raising up the poor to stand
   With the princes of the land.

5. He the broken spirit cheers,
   Turns to joy the mourner's tears:
   Such the wonders of His ways!
   Praise His Name, for ever praise!

Peculiar.

CXCIV.

Blessed are those that are undefiled in the way.—Ps. cxix

1. Blessèd are they who constant keep
   The pure and perfect way;
   Who in Jehovah's law delight,
   Nor from His precepts stray!

2. Blessèd are they whose stedfast steps
   Are to His paths inclined;
   And who do seek the Living God
   With their whole heart and mind!

3. How shall a youth make clear his course?
   How thread the tangled way?
   'Tis but to watch Thy will, O Lord,
   To watch it and obey.

4. Thy word I in my heart have hid,
   That I offend not Thee:
   O Thou That ever blessed art,
   Thy statutes teach Thou me!

St. Ann's.

Let my complaint come before thee, O Lord!

5. O let my earnest prayer and cry
   Ascend before Thee, Lord;
   Give me to learn the wisdom deep
   That in Thy Word is stored.

6. Let Thy strong Hand bring help to me:
   Thy precepts are my choice:
   I long for Thy salvation still,
   And in Thy law rejoice.

7. In Thee I live, my life sustain,
That I Thy praise may tell;
Thy mercy on my life is shed,
And on my lips shall dwell.

8. Far from Thy fold, with heedless steps,
Oft doth Thy servant stray:
O Heavenly Shepherd, bring me back,
For still I love Thy way!

St. David's.

CXCV.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.—Psalm cxxi.

1. I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid:
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heaven and earth hath made.

2. "Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps:
Behold, He that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps."

3. The Lord thee keeps; the Lord thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay:
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.

4. "Yea, God thee keep from harm and sin!
Jehovah still watch o'er
Thy goings out, thy comings in,
From this time evermore!"

French.

CXCVI.

Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord.—Psalm cxxx.

1. Out of the deep, to Thee,
   O Lord my God, I call:
 Let not the voice of my complaint
   By Thee unheeded fall.

2. If Thou take strict account,
   Who can Thy judgment bear?
 But Thou forgiv'st, that we may learn
   From very love Thy fear.

3. I wait for God, I wait;
   My hope is in His word:
 More than they that for morning watch,
   My soul waits for the Lord.

4. More than they that do watch
   The morning light to see!
 O hope ye ever in the Lord,
   For merciful is He!

5. O hope ye in the Lord,
   Your Saviour and your stay!
 For He shall hear His people's prayer,
   And wash our guilt away.

St. Margaret's.

CXCVII.

O Lord, Thou hast searched me out and known me.—Psalm cxxxix.

1. All-searching God, Thine eye divine
   My inmost soul can see;
   And every thought and act of mine
   Is open, Lord, to Thee.

2. When up I rise, or down I lie,
   Still Thou art by my side;
   Nor can I from Thy presence fly,
   Or from Thy Spirit hide.

3. If on the wings of morn I speed
   To earth's remotest bound,
   Still shall Thy hand my footsteps lead,
   Thine arm my path surround.

4. Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
   And reaches to the skies;
   Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
   Thy goodness never dies.

5. Search Thou, O God, this heart of mine,
   Its inmost workings see;
   And if it e'er to ill incline,
   O bring it back to Thee!

St. Ambrose.

CXCVIII.

Praise the Lord, O my soul.—Psalm cxlvi.

1. Praise thou the Lord, nor place thy trus
   In any child of clay;
   For soon they die, and turn to dust,
   And all their thoughts decay.

2. O happy is that man and blest
   Whom Jacob's God doth aid!
   Whose hope upon the Lord doth rest,
   And on his God is stayed:

3. Who made the earth, Who made the He
   Who made the swelling deep;
   Who hath to us His promise given,
   And will His promise keep!

4. Jehovah helps the suffering good
   Who lift to Him their plea:
   Jehovah sends the hungry food,
   And sets the captives free.

5. Jehovah gives the blind their sight,
   The bowèd down doth raise:
   Jehovah's might shall guard the right,
   And guide the good man's ways.

6. The stranger's Shield, the widow's Stay,
   The orphan's Help is He!
   Thy God, O Sion, reigns alway,
   Thy Refuge sure to be!

Colchester.

CXCIX.

O praise the Lord of Heaven.—Psalm cxlviii.

1. Praise the Lord! ye Heavens, adore Him!
   Praise Him, Angels in the height;
   Sun and Moon, rejoice before Him!
   Praise Him, all ye Stars of light!
   Heaven of Heavens, let praise far-swelling
   From thy thousand orbs be sent!
   Join the strain, ye Waters dwelling
   In the lower firmament.

2. Winds that sweep in wild commotion,
   Winds and Storms, your voices raise!
   Lift thine Alleluias, Ocean,
   Peal aloud thy Maker's praise!
   Every Tribe, and Tongue, and Nation,
   Swell with joy the high acclaim;
   Heaven, and Earth, and all Creation,
   Praise and magnify His Name!

Peculiar.

CC.

O praise God in His holiness.—Psalm cl.

1. Praise ye God in Heaven most high:
   Praise Him in the starry sky.

2. Praise Him in His wondrous might:
   In His glory infinite.

3. Praise Him with the trumpet-call:
   Praise Him with the lute's soft fall.

4. Praise Him in His deeds of wonder
   With the mighty organ's thunder.

5. All that live, with one accord,
   Praise your Maker, praise the Lord!

Peculiar.

I. INDEX OF FIRST LINES,

IN THE ORDER OF SEASONS.

Abbreviations.—*E.* Epistle, *G.* Gospel, *L.* Lesson, *S.* Service or Season generally.

PART THE FIRST.

Proper of the Day.

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II. INDEX OF LEADING IDEAS AND ADAPTATIONS.

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III. INDEX OF FIRST LINES,

ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY, WITH REFERENCES TO SOURCES OR AUTHORS.

Abbreviations.

Ad.—Adapted
Add.—Added to considerably
Alt.—Altered considerably
Anth.—Anthem
Cas.—Mr. Caswall, "Lyra Catholica," 1849.
C. C. Y.—"Child's Christian Year"
C. H. — "Church Hymns," 1850, Mr. Stretton
Cope.—Mr. Copeland, "Hymns for the Week and Seasons," 1848
C. Y.—"The Christian Year"
Ent. Rec.—Entirely Recast
Germ. — "Hymns from the German," London
H. & A.—"Hymns and Anthems," Edinburgh, 1850.
H. C. — "Hymns of the Church," 1841, Mr. Chandler.
H. S. C.—"Hymns for the Service of the Church," Masters, 1850
L. A.—"Lyra Apostolica"
L. H.—Latin Hymns not contained in Missal or Breviary
Met. Ps.—Metrical Psalter
M. Tr.—Mixed Translation
N. Tr.—New Translation
Palm.—Mr. Palmer, "Hymns being mostly Translations," 1845
P. Br.—Parisian Breviary
R. Br.—Roman Breviary
R. Mis.—Roman Missal
S. H. & A.—"Sacred Hymns and Anthems," Leeds, 1849
Sc. Par.—Scotch Paraphrases
Sc. Ps. — Scotch Metrical Psalms
Will.—Mr. Williams, "Hymns from the Paris Breviary," 1839.

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